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HYMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

O friends, we are drawing nearer home
As day by day goes by;
Nearer the fields of fadeless bloom,
The joys that never die.

Ye doubting souls, from doubt be free—
Ye mourners, mourn no more,
For every wave of death's dark sea
Breaks on that blissful shore.

God's ways are high above our ways—
So shall we learn at length,
And tune our lives to sing his praise
With all our mind, might, strength.

About our devious paths of ill,
He sets his stern decrees,
And works the wonders of his will
Through pains and promises.

Strange are the mysteries he employs,
Yet we his love will trust
Though it should blight our dearest joys,
And bruise us into dust.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

> "She stood once more in the halls of pride,
> And the light of her beauty was deified,
> And she seemed to the eyes of men a star
> Lovely but lonely—flashing but far.
>
> "She fixed his gaze with her fearful spell,
> And the book from his failing fingers fell;
> While her low voice hissed in his shuddering ear—
> 'We've met at last, slave! Dost thou fear?'"

A few years only have elapsed since the public mind was electrified by the discovery of a strange tissue of crimes, through which had perished within the space of twelve months every member of a noble family, and in which was implicated the honor of one of England's haughtiest peers and the life of one of her loveliest daughters, and finally, which added a recent and thrilling domestic drama to those ancient histories and ghostly traditions that have long rendered **ALLWORTH ABBEY** the resort of the curious, and the terror of the ignorant and the superstitious.

The principal circumstances were made sufficiently public at the time of the discovery; some at least of the guilty parties were brought to justice, and the effigy of the chief criminal may even now be seen in a certain celebrated "Room of Horrors." But much also remained enveloped in mystery, for, underlying the bare facts that were openly proved, there was a secret history, stranger, more atrocious and more appalling, even than those ruthless crimes for which the convicted felons suffered.

The knowledge of this secret history came to me in a singular manner; and with the purpose of showing over what fatal pitfalls the most innocent feet may sometimes stray, I proceed to relate the story, entreating my readers to remember, amidst its strangest revelations, that "nothing is so strange as reality," and nothing more incredible than truth:—

ALLWORTH ABBEY, the scene of these events, is one of the most ancient monuments of monastic history left standing in the United Kingdom. The precise date of its foundation is lost in the dimness of far-distant ages, and remains to this day a disputed point among learned antiquarians.

It is a vast and gloomy pile of Gothic architecture, situated at the bottom of a deep and thickly-wooded glen, surrounded by high hills, that even at noonday cast a sombre shadow over the whole scene, which is one of the wildest, loneliest, and most picturesque to be found on the north-west coast of England. The surrounding country may be called mountainous, from the imposing hight of the hills, and the profound depth of the vales.

Nothing can be more secluded, solitary, and sombre than the aspect of this place. The grim old Abbey, lurking at the bottom of its deep dell, reflected dimly in its dark lake, overshadowed by its tall trees, and closely shut in by high hills, is just the object to depress and awe the beholder, even though he never may have heard the fearful stories connected with the place.

Allworth Abbey is rich in historical associations and traditional lore. Its cloisters have sheltered kings; its walls have withstood sieges; it possesses its haunted cell, its spectre monk and phantom maiden.

In the reign of Henry the Church-burner and Wife-killer, Allworth Abbey was the home of a rich fraternity of Benedictine monks. And at the time of that tremendous visitation of wrath which overswept the land, when

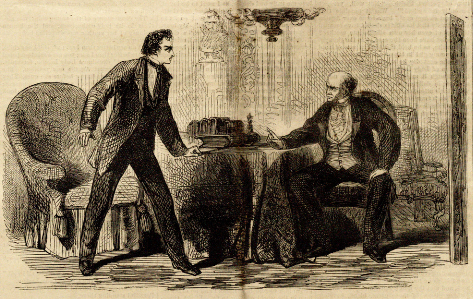
> "The ire of an infuriate king
> Rode forth upon destruction's wing,"

Allworth Abbey was besieged and sacked by a party of soldiers under Lord Leaton, a baron of ancient lineage in the North of England, and of great merit in the estimation of King Henry Bluebeard. The abbot was slain at the altar, the brethren were put to the sword, the Abbey was given to the flames, and the lands conferred by the King upon the conqueror.

Lord Leaton rebuilt the ruined portions of the Abbey, adapted it as a family residence, and constituted it the principal seat of his race, in whose possession it remained from that time until the date of those strange household mysteries that I am about to disclose.

The last male representative of the Leatons of Allworth was Henry, Lord Leaton, whose name has since become so painfully memorable. With an ancient title, an ample fortune, a handsome person, well-cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, he married, early in life, a fair woman, every way worthy of his affections. Their union was blest by one child, Agatha, "sole daughter of his house," who, at the opening of this story, had just attained her eighteenth year.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



A FEARFUL ACCUSATION.

It is scarcely possible for a human being to be happier than was Lord Leaton at this time. In the prime of his manly life, blessed with a fair wife in the maturity of her matronly beauty, and a lovely daughter, just budding into womanhood, endowed with an ancient title, an immense fortune, and a wide popularity, Lord Leaton was the most contented man in England.

It was not even a drawback to his happiness that there was no male heir to his titles and estates, for in Malcolm Montrose, the betrothed of his daughter, he had found a son after his own heart.

Malcolm Montrose, and Norham, his younger brother, were the sons of Lord Leaton's half-sister, who had married a poor but proud Scotch laird. Their parents were now both dead. From their father they had inherited little more than an ancient name, a ruined tower, and a blasted heath. It was therefore only by the assistance of Lord Leaton that Malcolm was enabled to enter the University of Oxford, and Norham to obtain a commission in the army.

It was the high character of Malcolm Montrose that commended him so favorably to the esteem of Lord Leaton, and induced his lordship to promote the bethrothal between that young gentleman and the young heiress of Allworth; for be it known that the engagement was rather of Lord Leaton's making than of the young pair's seeking.

They loved each other as brother and sister, nor dreamed of the possibility of a stronger affection. They had naturally and easily glided into the views of Lord and Lady Leaton, and had at length plighted their hands, in perfect good faith, if not with the passionate love of which neither young heart had as yet any experience. One of the conditions of the betrothal was, that upon his marriage with the heiress, Malcolm Montrose should assume the name and arms of Leaton. It was also hoped that, in the event of the death of Lord Leaton, his son-in-law might obtain the reversion of the title.

It was soon after this solemn betrothal, that took place in the spring of 185–, that Malcolm Montrose took leave of his friends, and left England for an extended tour of the Continent.

Up to this time the life of Lord Leaton and his family had been one of unbroken sunshine. From this time the clouds began to darken around them.

On the day succeeding the departure of Malcolm, Lord Leaton received a letter from India, informing him of the death of his younger brother, who had left England many years previous to seek his fortune under the burning sun of Hindostan. The large fortune he had apparently found was the love of a beautiful native girl, whom he had secretly married, and who, in ten months after, in the same hour, made him a widower and the father of a female infant—the little Eudora, who, under her father's care, had managed to grow up even in that deadly climate. But now that father had fallen a victim to the fatal fever of the country, and his daughter Eudora was left destitute.

Lord Leaton had been too long separated from his brother to feel keenly his death; his fraternal affection took a more practical turn than grief; he lost no time in procuring a proper messenger to send out to India for the purpose of bringing back his niece, who, as the only child of his sole brother, was, after Agatha, the heiress-presumptive of his estates.

As soon as Lord Leaton had dispatched his messenger, he set out with his family to visit Paris. They took the first floor of a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of the city; but the circumstance of their being in mourning for Lord Leaton's brother caused them to live in great retirement.

This was about the time that the concerted revolution in the Papal States had been discovered and suppressed, and when some of the noblest Romans had fallen on the scaffold, and others had been driven into exile. Among those whose fate excited the liveliest sympathy were the Prince and Princess Pezzilini. The prince fell gloriously in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and the princess was said to have perished in the flames when the Palace Pezzilini was burned by the mob. This was the common talk of Paris when Lord Leaton and his family arrived there.

It was within a few days after their settlement in their apartments, that the attention of Lord and Lady Leaton was attracted by a lady who frequently passed them on the grand staircase. She was a tall, fine-formed, fair woman, of great beauty, clothed in deep mourning, and wearing the aspect of the profoundest sorrow. No one could have seen her without becoming interested—no one could have passed her without a backward glance. She was sometimes attended by a stout, dark-complexioned, middle-aged man, whose manner towards her seemed halfway between that of a good uncle and a faithful and trusted domestic.

The feminine curiosity of Lady Leaton had been so much excited by this mysterious lady and her strange attendant, that she had at length inquired about her of the old portress of the house. And it was from that garrulous personage Lady Leaton learned to her astonishment, that the beautiful stranger was no other than the Princess Pezzilini, who had *not* perished in the burning Palace of Pezzilini, but who had made her escape with the assistance of a faithful servant, Antonio Mario, who, for her better security, had circulated the report of her death, while he bore her off to France. She was now living on the fourth floor of that house, in great poverty and seclusion, attended only by her faithful servant, Antonio Mario.

So much Lady Leaton learned from the portress; but she lost no time in delicately seeking the acquaintance of the beautiful and unfortunate exile.

She found the Princess Pezzilini very accessible to respectful sympathy. She learned from her some further particulars of her history—among other matters, that she had succeeded in securing from the burning palace a box of valuable family documents and a casket of costly family jewels. As, however, these jewels were heirlooms, she was unwilling to part with the least one of them until extreme want should actually compel her to do so; hence, with almost boundless wealth at her command, she chose to live in poverty and privation. This was her story.

The lively imagination of Lady Leaton was affected by her beauty, sensibility and accomplishments. The good and benevolent heart of Lord Leaton was touched by her misfortunes, her courage, and her resignation. And the end of it was that they invited her to return with them to England, and make Allworth Abbey her home until the clouds that lowered over her House should be dispersed, and the sun should shine forth again.

They spent the autumn in Paris, and returned to Allworth Abbey just in time to prepare for Christmas.

And it was on Christmas-eve that the messenger to India returned, bringing with him Eudora Leaton. It was evening, and the family circle of Allworth Abbey, consisting of Lord and Lady Leaton, Miss Leaton, and the Princess Pezzilini, were assembled in the drawing-room, when Eudora was announced.

She entered, and her extreme beauty at once impressed the whole company.

It was a beauty that owed nothing to external circumstances, for she had arrived weary, sorrowful, and travel-stained; yet it was a beauty that sank at once into the very soul of the beholder, filling him with a strange delight. She was of medium height, and slender yet well-rounded form. Her graceful little head was covered with shining, jet-black ringlets, that fell around a face lovely as ever haunted the dream of poet or painter. Her features were regular; her complexion was a pure, clear olive, deepening into a rich bloom upon the oval cheeks, and a richer still upon the small full lips; her eyebrows were perfect arches of jet, tapering off to the finest points at the extremities; her eyes were large, dark and liquid, and fringed by the longest and thickest black lashes; her nose was small and straight; her mouth and chin faultlessly carved; her throat, neck and bust were rounded in the perfect contour of beauty; the whole outline of her form was ineffably beautiful. A poet would have said that her most ordinary motions might have been set to music, but to no music more melodious than the tones of her voice.

Such was the beautiful young Asiatic that stood trembling before her strange English relatives in the drawing-room of Allworth Abbey on Christmas-eve.

Lord Leaton was the first to arise and greet her.

"Welcome to England, my dearest Eudora," he said, embracing her fondly; "think that you have come to your own home, and to your own father and mother, for after our daughter Agatha we shall love you best of all the world, as after her, you know, you are the next heiress of our name and estates."

"Dear uncle, give me but a place in your heart next to my cousin Agatha, and—let the rest go," said Eudora, in a voice vibrating with emotion.

Lord Leaton then formally presented his niece to her aunt and cousin, and to the Princess Pezzilini, all of whom received the beautiful young stranger with the utmost kindness and courtesy.

Agatha, in particular, seemed delighted with the acquisition of a congenial companion in her charming Indian cousin.

The evening passed delightfully; but for the sake of the weary traveller, the family party supped and separated at an unusually early hour.

It was soon after Lady Leaton had retired to her dressing-room that she heard a light tap at her door, and to her surprised exclamation of "Come in," entered the Princess Pezzilini.

"You will pardon me for intruding upon you at this hour, but you know what great reason I have to be devoted to your service, Lady Leaton, and you know the force of my faith in presentiments. It is a presentiment that forces me to your presence to-night," said the princess in a mournful voice.

"Madame, I thank you earnestly for the interest you deign to take in my welfare; but—I do not understand you," said Lady Leaton, in surprise.

"And I do not understand myself; but I must speak, for the power of prophecy is upon me! Lady Leaton, *beware of that Asiatic girl!*"

"Madame!" exclaimed Lady Leaton, in extreme surprise.

"Yes, I know what you would say: she is your niece, the daughter of your husband's brother. But I tell you that she is of the treacherous, cruel, and deadly Indian blood! I have watched her thoughts through this evening. I noted her look when Lord Leaton told her that she was the next heiress after Agatha. And I tell you that the gaze of the deadly cobra-di-capella of her native jungles is not more fatal than the glance of that Indian girl!"

"Madame, in the name of Heaven, what mean you?" exclaimed Lady Leaton, in vague alarm.

The voice of the princess sank to its deepest tones, as she answered:

"The deadly upas-tree of the Indies suffers nothing to live in its dread neighborhood. If you could transplant such a tree from an Indian plain to a fair English park, as it should grow and thrive, all beautiful life would wither under its poisonous breath, until nothing should remain but a blasted desert, and the deadly upas-tree should be all in all! Lady Leaton, beware of the young Indian sapling transplanted to your fair English park!"

"Madame, you frighten me!" exclaimed Lady Leaton.

"No; I only mean to warn you! I spoke from an irresistible impulse. And having spoken, I have no more to say but to bid you good night," said the Italian, lifting the hand of Lady Leaton to her lips, and then withdrawing, and leaving her ladyship plunged in deep thought.

CHAPTER II.

> The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements.
> SHAKSPEARE.

The beautiful Asiatic girl soon won her way into every heart in the household. No one could meet the soft, appealing gaze of her large, dark, Oriental eyes, or hear the plaintive tones of her low, deep, sweet voice, without feeling powerfully drawn towards her. No one could be with her long without seeing that the angel form was tenanted by an angel spirit, too.

Eudora became the darling of the household. And yet, from events that quickly followed, it would seem that the pre-visions of the Princess Pezzilini had been true.

First of all the father of the family, Lord Leaton, a man in the early prime of life and the full enjoyment of the finest health, sickened with a strange disease that baffled all the skill and science of his medical attendants. The most competent nurses were engaged to take their turns day and night at his bedside.

The ladies of the family also vied with each other in their attentions to the invalid. But it was observed that in his moments of greatest suffering, he would bear no one to approach him except his niece Eudora.

This might be explained by the circumstances that Eudora's presence was very soothing, her step was noiseless, her motions smooth, her touch soft, her voice low, and her gaze gentle; and all this had a very calming and subduing effect upon the irritable invalid. And thus Eudora became almost a fixture beside his couch. And all who loved Lord Leaton were grateful to the gentle girl, who patiently resigned her daily recreations and her nightly repose to devote herself to him.

All except the Princess Pezzilini, who was observed to shake her head and murmur to herself—

"The fascination of the cobra-bi-capella!"

But no one paid attention to the murmured remarks of the lady, especially as even she herself did not escape the charms of Eudora's pressence, but frequently fell under the sweet spell that bound all hearts to the beautiful girl.

At length, one night, Eudora, worn out with fatigue, was ordered to go to her bed. She mixed the sleeping-draught for her uncle, put it in the hands of her aunt, and retired to her room. Lady Leaton was left alone to watch by the bedside of her husband.

She sat the sleeping potion down upon a stand near the head of the bed, until Lord Leaton should awake from the light doze into which he had fallen, and she went out to her dressing-room to change her dress for a warmer wrapper, in which to sit up and watch the invalid.

It was while she stood before the looking-glass which was opposite the door and reflected a portion of the adjoining room, that Lady Leaton saw the shadow of a female figure glide along the wall, and at the same moment heard the rustle of a silk dress.

She immediately turned and entered the chamber, but found no one there. Lord Leaton had just awakened and turned over.

"Has any one been in here?" inquired her ladyship.

"No one at all," he answered.

"It was fancy, then," muttered the lady to herself, as she gave the sleeping-draught to her husband.

He drank it to the dregs; yet it did not seem to produce the usual effects. The patient could not get to sleep; on the contrary, he grew more and more restless, and soon became violently ill.

Lady Leaton, in alarm, aroused the servants, and dispatched a messenger to Poolville, the adjoining village, for their medical attendant, who immediately hastened to the bedside of his patient. But the utmost skill of the physician was unvailing, for, before morning, Lord Leaton expired.

It was then that the medical attendant felt it his duty to declare to the grieving widow that her husband had died from the effects of a virulent poison, and to demand an investigation by the coroner's jury.

This would have been a terrible blow to Lady Leaton could she have been made to receive it. But she indignantly repudiated the idea.

What, *he* poisoned?—*he*, Lord Leaton, who was so kind-hearted that he would not have crushed a worm in his path, or killed a wasp that stung him?—*he*, who was so universally beloved and honored that he had not one enemy in the wide world?—*he*, in whose premature death no one could have a benefit, but in whose beneficent life thousands possessed the deepest interest?—*he* taken off by foul means? The idea was too preposterous as well as too dreadful to believe.

No; the horror of such a suspicion was not added to the unspeakable sorrow of the widow.

But, as the doctor was firm in his purpose of having a *post-mortem* examination and a coroner's inquest, of course both had to be held. Nothing decisive, however, was elicited. No trace of poison was found either in the body of the deceased or in the glasses from which he had drank, or anywhere else.

The single suspicious circumstance of Lady Leaton's seeing the shadow of a female on the wall, and hearing the rustle of a silk dress in her husband's chamber, was disproved by a separate examination of each member of the household, in which it was clearly shown that every one was at that hour in bed. And Lady Leaton herself, admitted that her imagination might have deceived her. The verdict of the coroner's inquest, therefore, was that the deceased died from natural causes.

Lord Leaton had died too suddenly to have made a will, but his wishes were so well understood by Lady Leaton, that she lost no time in carrying them into effect. She wrote to Rome to Malcolm Montrose, informing him of the sudden death of his uncle, and requesting him to come immediately to England. She wrote, also, to Norham Montrose, who was absent with his regiment in Ireland, giving him the same fatal intelligence, and inviting him to join his brother at Allworth Abbey by a certain day.

Malcolm, though the farthest from the scene of action, was the first to obey the summons. He hastened to England, and without resting a single night on his journey, hurried to Allworth Abbey.

It was near the close of a stormy day in March that he got out of the stage-coach at Abbeytown, and leaving his luggage to the care of the landlord of the "Leaton Arms," set out to walk the short distance to the Abbey. He reached the top of the eastern range of hills that surrounded the Abbey just as the sun, setting behind the western hills, cast the whole dell into deep shadow.

Never had the aspect of that sombre place seemed so gloomy and depressing. The huge collection of buildings comprising the Abbey lurking at the bottom of the deep dell, reflected dimly in its dark lake, overshadowed by its gigantic old trees, enclosed by its lofty hills, and cast into the deepest shade by the sinking of the sun behind those hills, was well calculated to awe the traveller, even though he might not have—as Malcolm had—a personal and tragic interest in the scene.

A few moments he spent in contemplating the picture, and then rapidly descended the precipitous path leading down to the bottom of the dell. At the foot of the precipice was the gamekeeper's lodge and the principal park gate. He passed this, and took the straightest line to the Abbey.

He passed one more gate and entered the grounds immediately around the house. A short walk brought him to the outer banks of the shaded lake. An avenue of elms swept right and left around this lake and led up to the central front entrance of the Abbey. He took the right-hand walk, and proceeding at a rapid pace, soon found himself before the main entrance.

Here the first object that arrested his attention was the funeral hatchment suspended over the doorway. A sigh was given to the memory of his uncle, and then he went up the broad stairs, and knocked at the great folding oak door of the main entrance. It was opened by the aged porter, who welcomed him respectfully, and ushered him at once into the library, while he went to announce the arrival to the widowed Lady Leaton.

While awaiting the entrance of his hostess, Malcolm Montrose strolled to the front window and looked out upon the scene—the dark lake immediately under the walls of the Abbey, rendered darker still by the overhanging branches of its encircling trees, and the lofty sides of its surrounding hills, behind which the full moon was now rising.

While Malcolm gazed moodily upon this scene his attention was attracted by a female form, clothed in black, and gliding like a spirit among the trees that bordered the still lake. He could not at first see her face, but the ineffable grace of her movements fascinated his eyes to follow her every motion. At length she turned, and he caught an instant's glimpse of a dark face, which, even in that uncertain light, he fancied to be as beautiful as that of the fabled houri. The beauty disappeared in the thicker foliage of the evergreens, and Malcolm Montrose turned to greet his aunt, who now entered.

Lady Leaton was a woman of commonplace, agreeable personality, middle-aged, large, fat and fair in body, conscientious, discreet, and affectionate in mind. She entered the room now, with her portly form dressed in widow's weeds, and her fair, round face encircled by a widow's cap. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her voice was broken with grief, as she advanced, held out her hand, and welcomed Malcolm Montrose to Allworth Abbey.

A short and agitated conversation sufficed to put Malcolm in possession of the facts with which the reader is already acquainted; and of the result of this interview it is only necessary to say that Malcolm Montrose entirely coincided in opinion with Lady Leaton and with the verdict of the coroner's jury, in supposing that the late Lord Leaton had died of some obscure disease, and not as the doctor had believed, of poison. It was a great relief to Lady Leaton to find that one so clear-headed and true-hearted as Malcolm Montrose took the same views of the case with herself.

At the close of the interview she rang for a servant to show him to his room, where he might change his dress for dinner.

The chamber to which he was shown was situated immediately over the library, and its front bay window overlooked the same scene. Involuntarily Malcolm sauntered to the window and looked forth upon the night. The moon was now so high in the heavens that its face was reflected even in the shrouded mirror of the dark lake. As he looked forth he saw the same beautiful female figure emerge from the thicket and disappear in the direction of the house. She had evidently entered the building.

Malcolm turned away as though there was no longer any attraction in the moonlight on the shrouded lake, and turned to give his attention to old John, the valet of the late Lord Leaton, who stood ready to assist the young man in making his toilet.

When Malcolm Montrose had refreshed himself with a wash and a change of dress, and stood ready to descend to the drawing-room, he presented in himself one of the noblest specimens of manly beauty.

He was at this time about twenty-five years of age, tall and finely proportioned, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and strong-limbed. His head was stately, well-poised, and covered with rich, dark, auburn hair that waved around a high, broad, white forehead. His features were of the noblest Roman cast; his complexion was fair and ruddy, and his eyes of a clear, deep blue. His presence was imposing as that of one born to command; his manners were at once gracious and dignified, and his conversational powers brilliant and profound. He was one of those masterpieces of creation, one of those magnetic men who attract and control without any effort.

When Malcolm Montrose entered the crimson drawing-room he found it already brilliantly lighted up for the evening, and amid its glitter of light and glow of color three fair women were revealed. The first, who was his aunt, Lady Leaton, arose and led him up to the other two, who immediately rivetted his attention.

Reclining languidly in an easy chair sat a fair girl, with a delicate complexion, dark-gray eyes, and light brown hair, confined in a net of black silk.

Standing on her right hand, and bending affectionately over her, was a large, tall, finely-formed, fair-haired woman, whose ample dress of black velvet fell around her majestic figure like the robes of a queen or the drapery of a goddess.

"Madame, permit me to present to you my nephew, Mr. Montrose, of Dun-Ellen; the Princess Pezzilini, Mr. Montrose," said Lady Leaton, respectfully presenting Malcolm to the stranger.

Malcolm bowed deeply and reverentially, and expressed himself honored in making the acquaintance of the widow of the heroic Prince Pezzilini.

The lady, on her part, raised her stately head, smiled sweetly, curtsied silently, and immediately resumed her attention to the young girl in the chair. But in that single glimpse of her full face Malcolm saw that she was of that rarest and strangest type of Italian beauty, a perfect blonde—fair, as though she had been born under the cool, damp fogs of England, instead of the burning sun of Italy; and, indeed, if the land of her birth had given her any of its fire, it was only to be seen in the warm and glowing smile that occasionally lighted up her face and beamed from her clear blue eyes.

Malcolm took in all these impressions during the few moments that were occupied in his presentation, and then he turned to greet the young lady in the easy chair—his cousin Agatha.

He saluted her gravely and affectionately, as befitted the serious occasion of their meeting, and then, observing for the first time the extreme delicacy of her face and form, and the languor of her attitude and manner, Malcolm looked uneasy, and expressed a fear that she had been indisposed.

"No, she is not indisposed; that is, not seriously so; but she has not seemed quite well or strong since—since our great bereavement," answered Lady Leaton, concluding the sentence in a faltering voice.

"Not well; no, indeed!" thought Malcolm, as he gazed with concern upon the fair, wan, spiritual face and fragile form of her whom he had left but a few months before the very picture of perfect health. "Not well, yet not seriously indisposed!" Was it possible that this great change could have come over Agatha so gradually that its effects should have escaped the eyes of even her own affectionate mother? Such must have been the case, was the thought of Malcolm, as he held the thin and wasted hand of the young girl in his own, and resolved that upon the next day he would certainly call the attention of Lady Leaton to the fearful change that, though it might have escaped the notice of those in daily communion with the invalid, while their attention had been absorbed by matters of such transcendent importance as the illness and death of Lord Leaton, yet was, withal, so marked and so alarming as to have shocked him who had left her six months before in full and blooming health.

While these thoughts engaged the mind of Malcolm, a soft footstep approached, and Lady Leaton spoke, saying—

"My niece, Eudora, Mr. Malcolm."

Malcom raised his eyes carelessly.

Yes, there she stood! the beautiful girl whose graceful form he had followed with a delighted gaze as she glided among the trees upon the banks of the dark lake. There she stood, in the perfect loveliness of her Oriental charms, one of Mahommed's fabled houris descended upon the earth. There she stood—her elegant little figure drawn up to its full height, her graceful head slightly bent upon her bosom, her jet-black ringlets falling around her rich, warm, olive face, with its slender, arched eyebrows, its large, dark, burning eyes, and its crimson cheeks and lips.

Only to look upon such beauty was a keen though dangerous delight. So Malcolm Montrose felt, as he took her hand, raised his eyes to hers, and met the quick and quickly-withdrawn flashing glance of those great, black, burning stars, so full of half-suppressed fire, so replete with thrilling, mysterious meaning.

"I am very happy to meet you, my dear cousin," he said, earnestly, as he pressed and released her hand.

With the long lashes dropped lower over her dark eyes, and her rich bloom hightened, she curtsied slightly, and accepted the chair that he set for her.

Malcolm placed himself beside Agatha, and glided gradually into conversation with herself and the princess; but his eyes involuntarily wandered off to the beautiful Asiatic girl, and every furtive glance thrilled him with a deeper and a stranger delight.

Dinner was announced, and Malcolm gave his arm to the Princess Pezzilini to conduct her to the dining-room. At dinner he sat next to the princess, who was herself a woman of brilliant conversational powers; but while conversing with her his thoughts continually wandered to the lovely, dark-eyed girl on the opposite side of the table.

When dinner was over, and they returned to the drawing-room, the evening was spent in earnest conversation, until at length, when it was quite late, Lady Leaton observed that Agatha seemed fatigued, and rang for her maid to attend her to her chamber. Malcolm led Agatha to the door, where he bade her good night, and soon after the circle broke up for the evening.

On taking leave of Eudora, Malcolm again touched her hand, and met her eyes with a thrill of delight as strange as it was incomprehensible.

When Malcolm reached his chamber, he at once dismissed the old valet, locked his door, and commenced pacing thoughtfully up and down the room. He had enough of exciting subjects occupying his mind to keep him from rest. The presence of the magnificent Pezzilini in the house; the death of his uncle; the failing health of his fair young cousin; but through all these disturbing subjects glided one image of ineffable loveliness—Eudora, the beautiful Asiatic girl; and this haunting image was so delightful to contemplate, that as often as it glided before his imagination, he paused to dwell enchanted upon it. He would not listen to the still small voice that warned him this was a dangerous vision; he meant no wrong to Agatha, his betrothed bride, to whom his hand was pledged, to whom he thought his heart was given, and he knew nothing of the insidious approaches of that master-passion which steals first through the eyes, then through the imagination, until it effects an immovable lodgment in the heart. The field of his imagination was already occupied; would the citadel of his heart be occupied? Who could tell?

It was after midnight when he retired to rest, resolving to be faithful to his affianced bride, and sank to sleep, dreaming of the beautiful Eastern houri.

Eudora occupied a small, plainly-furnished room adjoining her cousin Agatha's spacious and sumptuous chamber, and, since Agatha had been ailing, it was a part of Eudora's duty, whenever the invalid was restless at night, to sit by her bedside and read her to sleep. But on reaching her little room this evening, Eudora found the door communicating with her cousin's chamber closed and locked on the other side.

"She wishes to be alone to-night," said the gentle girl to herself, as she drew a low chair and sat down before the little coal fire to fall into one of those reveries to which her poetical temperament inclined her. She thought of the magnificent new relative to whom she had been presented that evening, for magnificent, indeed, to her he seemed in his noble, manly beauty and grace. She dwelt upon his image with a strange feeling of satisfaction and content, as upon some good long wanting in her life, and now found and appropriated. She felt again the earnest pressure of his hand in clasping hers; she saw again his eagle eyes melt into tenderness as they met her own; she heard again the earnest tones of his voice in greeting her. No one had ever before clasped her hand, or looked in her eyes, or spoken to her heart as he did. Every one was kind to the orphan; indeed, it would have been impossible for any one to have been otherwise to so gentle a creature, but it was with a superficial kindness that did not seem to recognize her deeper need of sympathy. No one had seemed to remember that the stranger girl had under her black bodice a sensitive heart, to be wounded by neglect or delighted by affection—no one but him; and he, too, so handsome, so accomplished, and so distinguished, that he might have been excused for slighting her. At least, so thought Eudora.

"But the gods are ever compasssionate, and he is like a god," said the hero-worshipping young heart to itself. It was so sweet to recall and live over again that meeting in which he had been so earnestly kind.

"He will understand and love me, I feel that he will!" she murmured to herself, with a delighted smile. But the words had no sooner been breathed from her lips than she understood their full import. It stood revealed to her conscience as by a flash of spiritual light, that her imagination was occupied by a forbidden and perilous vision. And yet it was so sweet to entertain this alluring vision, and so bitter to banish it away.

She dropped her head upon her breast, and her clasped hands upon her lap, and sat, as it were, with her dark eyes gazing into vacancy after her receding dream.

Some time she sat thus, and then murmured—"I am lonely and desolate indeed. None love me truly and deeply, as I need to be loved, as I long to love. They give me food and clothing and kind words, and with these I ought to be content, but I am not! I am not! My heart is starving for a deeper sympathy and a closer friendship, and I long for that as the famishing beggar longs for bread, but I must not hope to satisfy this hunger of the heart upon forbidden fruit, and a sure instinct warns me that even the kindred affection of my cousin is forbidden fruit to me. I will think no more of him." And with this wise resolution Eudora offered up her evening prayers and retired to rest. But in the world of sleep the forbidden vision followed her, and her cousin Malcolm was ever by her side with looks of sympathy and words of love.

CHAPTER III.

I will not think of him—I'll pace
This old ancestral hall;
And dream of that illustrious race
Whose pictures line the wall.
And from their dark and haughty eyes,
Though faded now and dim,
A better spirit shall arise,
I will not think of him.
MRS. WARFIELD.

Flight! In that one short syllable lies the only safety from a forbidden passion, and where flight is impossible, passion becomes destiny.

Malcolm Montrose had come to Allworth Abbey with the full understanding that he was to remain with the bereaved ones for three months, and at the end of that time quietly consummate his betrothal to the heiress by a marriage that, in consideration of the recent decease of the head of the family, was to be celebrated without pomp. Such had been the dying instructions of Lord Leaton to his wife, and such she had conveyed in her letter to Malcolm. To fly from his forbidden love would be to fly also from his betrothed bride. He remained, therefore, happy in the absolute obligation that compelled him to remain. Eudora had no other refuge in the world whither to fly. Flight, therefore, to her also was impossible.

And perhaps by both it was unthought of. Circumstances bound them together, and so passion became destiny. Both struggled perseveringly with the growing madness. They instinctively avoided each other as much as it was possible to do so. But in every casual touch of their hands, every meeting glance of their eyes, and every intonation of their voices, was transmitted the subtle fuel of that secret fire that was smoldering in each bosom. They never remained for a moment alone together; they never voluntarily addressed one word to each other; and yet, when they did meet, or were forced to speak, the blushing cheek of the girl, the faltering tone of the man, the averted looks of both, betrayed to themselves, if not to others, the hidden love that was burning in their breasts.

Every motive of honor, gratitude and humanity constrained them to conquer their passion, and not the least of these was their mutual sorrow in the declining health of Agatha.

Agatha was dying—though no one yet dared to say it, every one knew it. The fair girl herself felt it, and instead of preparing for her bridal, that was arranged to be celebrated on the first of May, she withdrew her thoughts more and more from the things of this world, and fixed them upon Heaven. Always of a thoughtful and serious turn of mind, she became now almost saintly in her self-renunciation, her patience, and her resignation.

Often as she sat reclining in her easy chair, watching the mutual embarrassment of Malcolm and Eudora, and seeing, with the clear vision of the dying, the hidden struggles of their hearts, a sweet smile would break over her fair, wan, spiritual face, and she would murmur to herself—

"They are striving bravely to do right—they will not have to strive long; a few more short weeks, and their reward will be certain; their love will be innocent, and their happiness complete. And shall I, who am going hence, envy them their love and joy? Oh, no! oh, no! for well I know that whither I go there is a fullness of joy and love that mortal imaginations have never conceived."

The fair girl faded fast away. Day by day her thin form wasted thinner, her pale cheeks grew paler, and her hollow eyes hollower, while the saintly spirit within burned with a more seraphic brightness. The symptoms of her malady were the same as those that had carried off her father. The utmost skill and science of the medical faculty were taxed in vain; they could neither define the nature of her wasting illness, nor find a cure for it. The fair girl failed rapidly. Her easy-chair in the drawing-room was soon resigned for the sofa in her own dressing-room, from which she never stirred during the day. And about the first of May, when she was to have been united to Malcolm Montrose, the sofa was finally resigned for her bed, from which she never more arose.

Malcolm and Eudora reproached themselves bitterly for their unconquerable love, because it seemed to wrong Agatha. They vied with each other in the most affectionate attentions to the invalid; and often as they stood each side her couch, ministering to her wants, she longed to make them happy by releasing Malcolm from his engagement to herself, and placing the hand of Eudora in his own; but instinctive delicacy withheld her from intermeddling with the love affairs of others.

Lady Leaton, heart-broken by the loss of her husband, and the approaching death of her daughter, observed the growing and ill-concealed attachment between Malcolm and Eudora with all a mother's bitter jealousy. And, struggled against as that attachment evidently was, she nevertheless resented it as a grievous wrong to her dying child.

Agatha, with the clairvoyance of a departing spirit, saw into the hearts of all around her, and judged them in justice and mercy. One day, while her afflicted mother watched alone beside her bed, she said to her—

"Mamma, dear, I wish to speak with you about Malcolm and Eudora. I know that you are displeased with them, mamma; but it is without just cause. They love each other; they struggle against that love, but they cannot conquer it. It is because they were created for each other. Their marriage is already made in heaven. My marriage with Malcolm, mamma, was designed only on earth, as a matter of policy and convenience. Malcolm and I loved each other only as brother and sister; we never could have loved in any other way even if I had lived to become his wife. But he and Eudora love one another as two who are destined for time and eternity to blend into one. Forgive them, mamma; forgive, and be kind to them for my sake."

"But you, Agatha!—my child, my angel child!—I can think only of you!" sobbed the lady.

"Dear mamma, I know that all your ambition has been for your Agatha's good, and happiness, and advancement. But consider, if your wildest dreams for your child had been fulfilled, and, even more than that, if you could have made her a king's bride, placed upon her brow a queen's crown, gathered around her all the wealth, splendor, and glory of this world—could you have rendered her as happy, as blessed, and as exalted as she is now by the free mercy of God—now, when she is departing for that land the joys of which 'eye hath not seen, ear heard, or imagination conceived,' and where she shall wait for you in perfect bliss and perfect safety till you come? Mamma, your daughter is the bride of Heaven, and that is better than being the wife of the noblest man or the greatest monarch on this earth."

The countenance of the young saint was glorious in its holy enthusiasm, and the human jealousy of her mother was dispelled before its heavenly light.

"You are better than I am; my child, my child, you are better than I am; you are a saint prepared for heaven!" exclaimed Lady Leaton, fervently.

"Mamma, grant Agatha one petition. She wants to see them happy before she goes. They are so conscientious and so wretched, mamma; they are afraid to speak to each other, or to look at each other, lest they should wound or wrong me. It makes me miserable to see them so, because I love them both, mamma, and I know that they love me, and for my sake they struggle bravely with their passion for each other. Let me speak to Malcolm, mamma; let me tell him that I loved him only as a dear brother; let me release him from his engagement to me, and let me place Eudora's hand in his with a sister's frank and warm affection. Then, mamma, when the embargo is taken off their love; when they are free to look at each other and speak to each other as betrothed lovers may, then I shall be happy in their happiness—happier still to know that I have promoted it—happiest of all to feel how they both will love me for it. Dear mamma, let Agatha do this little good and have this little delight before she departs."

"My angel child, you shall do in all things as you please. You speak and act from Heaven's own inspiration, and it were sacrilege to hinder you," exclaimed Lady Leaton, in deep emotion.

"Thank you, dear mamma, I shall be happy," said Agatha, with a heavenly smile.

"And the deadly upas tree shall be all in all," said a low voice at the side of Lady Leaton.

She started, and turned to see the Princess Pezzilini standing there.

"Madame!" she said, in some uneasiness.

"Nay, I did but quote a line from a fable that I read you some three months ago," said the princess, quietly seating herself beside the bed.

Agatha had been too deeply absorbed in her own benevolent plans to notice what was passing.

That evening, when all was quiet in the house, and the stillness of a deeper repose pervaded her own luxurious chamber—Agatha dismissed all her attendants, and sent for Lady Leaton, Malcolm, and Eudora to attend her. They came immediately. The chamber was illumed with a soft, moonlight sort of radiance from the shaded beams of an alabaster lamp that stood upon the mantel-shelf opposite the foot of the bed.

The bed-curtains were drawn away, revealing the fair face and fragile form of the dying girl as she reclined upon her bed propped up with pillows. She smiled on her relatives as they entered, and beckoned them to draw very near.

They came, and stood at the side of her bed—accidentally arranged as follows: Eudora nearest the head of the bed, Lady Leaton next, and Malcolm last.

She put out her wasted hand, took the hand of Eudora, and held it quietly within her own, while she seemed to collect her thoughts for utterance. Then, still holding Eudora's hand, she raised her dove-like eyes to Malcolm's face, and whispered—

"Dearest Malcolm! dearest brother of my heart! you will let the dying speak out freely, I know."

"Speak, sweet Agatha, speak your will," murmured the young man, in a voice vibrating with emotion.

"I was your betrothed bride, Malcolm; but our betrothal was a human error, dearest; and the will of Heaven has interposed to break it. I am called hence, Malcolm, to another sphere. Not your bride, but the bride of Heaven shall I be. But before I go hence, Malcolm, I would prove to you how true is the sister's love I bear you, and the kindred affection I feel for Eudora. I would prove these by two legacies by which I would have you remember me."

She paused and drew from her wasted finger the keeper-ring, which its attenuated form could scarcely longer hold, and placing it firmly upon the round, plump finger of Eudora, she said—

"This, dear one, is my legacy to you!"

Then taking the same hand with the keeper-ring upon its finger, she placed it in the hand of Malcolm, saying—

"And this, dearest brother of my soul, this is my dying legacy to you!"

She sank back exhausted upon her pillow, while low, half-suppressed sobs broke from those around her. And Malcolm and Eudora each thought how willingly they would give up their mutual love, nay, life itself, to have restored this dying angel to health and joy. And Lady Leaton prayed Heaven that her own life might not outlast that of her beloved child. At length Agatha spoke again—

"When I am gone, my mother will be very desolate—a widow, and childless. Promise me this—dear Eudora, and dearest Malcolm—that you will be a son and daughter to my mother."

In earnest tones, and amid suffocating sobs, they promised all she required.

A little while longer she held the hands of Malcolm and Eudora united and clasped within her own; and then releasing them, she said—

"Good night, dearest Malcolm. Go to rest beloved mother; Eudora will watch with me to-night."

Lady Leaton stooped, and gathered Agatha for a moment to her bosom, and with a whispered prayer, laid her back upon her pillows. Malcolm bent down, and pressed a kiss upon her brow; and then both withdrew, leaving Eudora upon the watch. And still holding Eudora's hand, Agatha sank into a peaceful sleep.

Hours passed. The room was so quiet, the sleep of the patient was so calm, and the position of the watcher so easy within her lounging-chair, that Eudora, overcome with the fatigue of many nights' vigil, could scarcely keep her eyes open.

Once, indeed, she must have lost herself in a momentary slumber, for she dreamed that a woman in dark raiment, with her head wrapped in a dark veil, glided across the chamber, and disappeared within her own little room; but when she aroused herself, and looked around, and walked into the adjoining room to examine it, there was no one to be seen.

"I have been dreaming—I have slept upon my watch," said Eudora, regretfully; and to prevent a recurrence of drowsiness, she bathed her forehead and temples with aromatic vinegar, and saturated her handkerchief with the same pungent liquid, and resumed her seat beside the patient.

At this moment Agatha awoke, complained of thirst, and asked for drink.

Eudora went to a side-table, poured out a glass of tamarind-water, and brought it to the invalid.

Agatha drank eagerly, and sank back upon her pillows with a sigh of satisfaction.

Eudora silently resumed her seat and her watch; but scarcely five minutes had passed, when suddenly Agatha started up, her eyes strained outward, her features livid, and her limbs convulsed.

Eudora sprang to her in alarm.

Agatha essayed to speak, but the spasms in her throat prevented utterance.

In the extremity of terror, Eudora laid her down upon the pillows, and sprang to the bell-pull, and rang loudly for assistance.

Then hurrying back to the bed-side, she found Agatha livid, rigid, with locked jaws, laboring lungs, and starting eyes.

She caught her up in her arms, rubbed her temples, and rubbed her hands, exclaiming all the while:

"Oh, my dear, dear Agatha! my dear, dear Agatha! what, what is this? Speak to me! Oh, speak to me!"

The strained eyes of the dying girl suddenly softened, and turned upon the speaker a beseeching, helpless look, and then the rigid form suddenly relaxed, and became a dead weight in the arms of Eudora.

Lady Leaton, followed by several of the female servants, now came hurrying in.

"What is the matter? Is she worse?" exclaimed the mother, hurrying to the bed-side.

"Lady Leaton, she is dead!" cried Eudora, in a voice of anguish.

Let us draw a vail over the grief of that mother. In all this world of troubles, there is no sorrow like that of a widowed mother grieving for the death of her only child.

At first Lady Leaton would not believe in the extent of her affliction. She wildly insisted that her child could not, should not be dead—dead, without a parting word, or look, or prayer! She sent off messengers in haste to bring their medical attendant. And not until Dr. Watkins had come and examined the patient, and pronounced life fled, could Lady Leaton be made to believe the truth, or induced to leave the chamber of death. Then she fainted in the arms of Princess Pezzilini, and was borne to her own apartment in a state of insensibility.

It was some hours after this that Dr. Watkins somewhat peremptorily demanded a private interview with Malcolm Montrose.

The young man, in deep affliction for the death of her whom he loved as a dear sister, gave audience to the doctor in the library.

The family physician entered with a grave and stern brow, and seating himself at the library-table, opposite Mr. Montrose, began—

"Sir, what I have to say to you is painful in the extreme both for me to utter and for you to hear; but the sternest duty obliges me to speak."

Mr. Montrose withdrew his hand from his corrugated brow, raised his troubled eyes to the face of the speaker, and awaited his further words.

"I know that what I am about to communicate must greatly augment the sorrow under which you suffer, and yet it must be communicated."

"Speak out, I beseech you, sir," said Mr. Montrose, with a vague but awful presentiment of what was coming.

"Three months ago I attended the death-bed of the late Lord Leaton. I gave it as my opinion then, I hold it as my opinion now, that his death was accelerated by poison. The coroner's jury came to a different conclusion, and their verdict, taken together with the fact that the *post-mortem* examination detected no trace of poison, I confess shook my faith in my own conviction. To-night I have been called to the bed-side of his only daughter; I have looked upon her dead body, and heard an account of the manner in which she died. And now, Mr. Malcolm Montrose, I positively assert that Agatha Leaton came to her death by poison, administered in the tamarind-water of which she drank some five or ten minutes before her death—and I stake my medical reputation upon this issue!"

"My God! it cannot be true!" exclaimed Malcolm Montrose, starting up, and gazing upon the speaker in the extremity of horror and grief.

"Mr. Montrose," said the doctor, impressively, taking the hand of the young man, and forcing him back to his seat, "the widowed and childless head of this house is now in no condition to meet this crisis. You are her natural representative. You must summon all your firmness and take the direction of affairs. I shall remain here to assist you. I have already taken some steps in the matter; I have secured the jug and glass of tamarind-water to be analyzed. I have also telegraphed for the family solicitor to come down, and I have sent for the coroner, and for a police force to occupy the house, for no one must be permitted to escape until the coroner's inquest has sat upon the deceased and given in their verdict."

"But, good Heaven, doctor!" exclaimed the young man, in horror and amazement; "who, *who* could aim at so harmless and innocent a life?"

"Who," repeated the doctor; "who had the greatest interest in her death, and in the death of her father before her?"

"None! no one on earth! Who *could* have possibly had such an interest?" cried the young man, shuddering.

"Who is the next heiress to this vast estate after Lord Leaton and his daughter?" said the doctor, looking fixedly in the eyes of his companion.

Malcolm Montrose started up, threw his hands to his head, and then reeling back, dropped into his chair again, and remained gazing in horror upon the speaker.

"Who," pursued the doctor, with a merciless inflexibility, "who had constant access to the bed-side of the late Lord Leaton?—who prepared his food and drink?—who has been the constant attendant of his invalid daughter?—who watched by her side last night?—whose hand was it that placed at her lips the fatal draught that laid her dead?"

"My God! my God, doctor! what horrible monster of suspicion has taken possession of your mind? Give it a name!" exclaimed the young man, as great drops of sweat beaded upon his agonized brow.

"*Eudora Leaton!* Her hand it was that prepared the death-draught for her uncle! her hand it was that gave the poisoned draught to his daughter! It is a terrible charge to make, I know; but we must not deal hesitatingly with the secret poisoner," said the doctor, solemnly.

"Great Heaven! it cannot be—it cannot be!" groaned the young man, in mortal anguish.

The doctor arose to his feet, saying—

"I leave you, Mr. Montrose, to recover this shock, while I go to put seals upon the effects of this girl, and to prepare for the investigation that shall bring the poisoner to justice."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

LOVE's words are writ on rose-leaves, but with tears!

DIRGE OF THE STRICKEN OAK.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O, Wood-Pilgrim! breathe not a sigh for the Oak,
That his great trunk has bowed to the fierce levin-stroke;
For my glorious mission was o'er in the Land—
And sublimely I die by the Thunderer's hand.

II.

Through a thousand brave years have I royally stood
With my majesty, owned by the green vassal Wood,
And I'd rather to Nature thus yield up my breath
Than to fade with a common and lingering death.

III.

Nor believe that a gladness is not in my heart,
Though to ruin it burns with the fiery dart,
For imperial memories sweep from the Past
That was mine in the sunlight, the cloud and the blast.

IV.

How the sweet birds made many a caroling nest,
With a dear, tender faith, in my broad leafy breast!
How my branches dropped alms, through full many a year,
For the stately free elk and the delicate deer!

V.

How the mammoth strode past, in the centuries old,
While his breath through my branches sonorously rolled,
Like a hurricane rushing tumultuously by
When the bolt crashes down from the flame-cloven sky!

VI.

How the lover has carved the dear name on my bole!
How the bard in my solitude nursed his great soul
Till the might of his thought with the sweep of his lyre
Made the heart of his nation an altar of fire!

VII.

How the nations, now gone, took repose in my shade!
And what monarchs, what priests were around me arrayed!
O 'twas mine to behold the Earth's mystical life
In your Race's long sweep with its peace and its strife!

VIII.

Then, O Wood-Pilgrim! breathe not a sigh for the Oak,
That his great trunk has bowed to the fierce levin-stroke;
Cloudy death comes to all, and I feel it is grand
Thus to die by the Thunderer's red-flashing hand!

MARY WORTH'S DECISION.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Henry Alton had been admitted to the bar, and gave promise of rising to eminence in the legal profession. He was an only child, and lived with his widowed mother. His father had been a lawyer of much distinction, enjoying a lucrative practice, and held in high esteem by a wide circle of influential friends; while circumstances served to admit Henry, at an early age, to a social sphere which he might not otherwise have gained.

The young man had brought home some of his books, and, after tea, he sat with his mother, in their quiet parlor, studying into the legal points bearing upon a case he had in hand. While thus engaged the postman brought a letter. It was for Henry, and as soon as the bearer had gone, he broke the seal, and read the contents. The missive was short, and yet he gazed upon it a long time, his face growing pale, his lip quivering, and his whole frame trembling.

"What is it?" asked his mother, who was really alarmed by his behavior.

He read the note again, but made no answer.

"Henry, what has happened? Something has gone against you."

"This cannot be real!" he murmured, half to himself. "I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake." And as he spoke he handed the letter to his mother.

The message was from Mary Worth, and it was to the effect that she could not be his wife.

"This is her own writing," said Mrs. Alton, slowly and thoughtfully, and with troubled look. "It is her own hand, Henry, and she certainly means what she says."

"Aye," cried the youth, with a burst of passionate emotion, "I know she means that; but why has she thus made up her mind! Merciful Heavens! what can be its cause?"

The mother reflected awhile, with the letter still in her hand; and finally she said, from the natural impulse of a mother's pride,—

"There is one thing certain, my son: 'If Mary Worth can thus easily cast you off, she is not worth seeking. If she can find a better husband than Henry Alton, she is welcome to the choice. She has not the heart I have given her credit for. Still, I know she has much decision of character; and if she has made up her mind to this effect, she will probably adhere to it. So, Henry, forget her as soon as you can, and find some one who can be more true and worthy."

That was a very easy remark for the mother to make—very simple advice to give,—but not so easy for the youth to follow. He had known Mary Worth long enough, and well enough, to be assured that she could not be false or unworthy. She had never directly promised to be his wife, though he had been led to suppose that she anticipated such a result from their long and ardent friendship. Only a week before he had asked the question, if she would be his companion for life, and this was her answer. And such an answer he had not expected. He was not prepared for it. He could not fathom its meaning. His heart was shocked; his brain grew dizzy; and without replying to his parent, he sought the street. He went out to gain fresh air, and to compose himself to thought.

One of Henry Alton's first impulses was to tear up Mary Worth's letter, and turn the steps of his life from her; but, upon reflection, he found himself unable to do this. He might turn away from the love-path, but it would be like tearing out his own heart, and casting it from him. He was forced to the conviction that he loved the maiden too well. Instinctively, in the dim starlight, he wandered towards her dwelling, and when he found himself before the door, and saw light in the little parlor where he had spent so many happy moments, he resolved to go in. He had not taken this step designedly. His feet had turned to this spot without any will of his own; but now, that he found himself so near to the maiden, the temptation was strong upon him to see her at once, and learn what meant her strange decision. He knocked at the door, and Mary answered his summons. He asked her if he should walk in; and she told him yes.

Mary Worth was most truly a beautiful girl, and it is no wonder that a man of soul and sense should have loved her. She gave token of inner as well as of outer beauty. The light of a rich intellect gleamed in her eyes, and the wealth of a true and noble heart was apparent in the calm trustfulness that softened with its influence the expression of her fair face. As she gazed upon her visitor it was very plainly to be seen that she loved him still. Her heart had not given him up. But she was composed, and received him with that grace of friendship which pure refinement enables its possessor to extend to all worthy objects. There was certainly a conflict within; but she conquered the emotion, and was at length calm and dignified.

Aye, and within the soul of Henry Alton, too, there was conflict; and it took him longer to conquer the rising spirit; but he finally succeeded, and was then prepared to ask the question that lay deepest in his anxious thoughts He knew enough of the maiden to know that an open, frank, straightforward course would most surely answer his purpose, and he proceeded with that understanding.

"Mary," he said, "I received a note from you this evening."

"Yes," she replied, as he regarded her as though he would be assured from her own lips that she really sent it. "I directed one to you."

"Mary,"—he spoke tremulously, and with deep feeling—"I was not prepared for such a message. I had expected something far different. I cannot understand it. If you meant that answer as your final decision, you cannot truly understand the love I bear you. You cannot realize how entirely my heart has been given up to you."

She stopped him with a beseeching wave of the hand, and after a few moments of thought, she said, her beautiful face assuming a holy serenity as she proceeded:

"Henry, I know all that you would tell me—I know how good and true your nature is,—and I think I know how well you love me. In the steps which I have taken I may have done wrong; but that wrong has been in a deed omitted, and not in a deed done. If I have sinned, it has been in that I shrank from assuming what might be deemed the office of mentor and guide. I knew your nature—I knew how confident you were of your own strength—how tenacious of your own opinions—how unwilling to be checked—and how restive under restraint; and, hence, I shrank from that which would have been sure to offend. I knew you well, Henry, and I think I did wisely. Still I may have erred."

"And yet," said the young man, "I do not understand you."

"But you shall understand me, Henry; and in opening the truth to your mind I must tell to you a story which I had hoped should never pass my lips. However, I trust it to you, believing that it may still be under the sacred seal; and, when you have heard it, you will know why I have answered you so strangely."

The maiden wiped a tear from her cheek, and after a few moments of self-communion she spoke as follows:

"During the three years that my mother and myself have lived in this place our life has been calm and peaceful, for we have prayed earnestly, and have sought the spirit of trust and resignation. But, in the other years, storm and gloom have been ours. I was not an only child. I had a brother once. He was older than I, and he was my idol for many seasons. His name was Charles; and he was the prop upon which rested the highest hopes of our father and our mother. He was noble, and generous, and brave; and he was only known to be cherished. The wealth of my father gave him every advantage, and at an age of early youth he had reached a manhood of intellect and experience, O, how we did love him and idolize him!

"It is not strange that a youth of such loveable qualities as Charles possessed should be early received into society, nor is it strange that his social nature should keep pace in its development with the blossoming of his intellect. Among the evils to which he was exposed, his warm, ardent nature was open to the influence of only one. He became fond of the wine-cup, and the effect was ere long apparent. His mother was the first to notice the danger, and she spoke to him words of warning, but he laughed at her fears. He was astonished that she could fear any danger—that he, who was so brave and strong, could be shaken from his manhood by the power of the cup. In time his father saw his danger, and spoke to him of it, but Charles would not listen. He was offended that his power of resistance should be questioned.

"By and by I plead with him, claiming a sister's right, in a sister's love, to give him counsel. He was not offended with me, but he laughed at my fears, as he had done at our mother's, and assured me that there was no danger. I tried to make him understand that what had at first been only a source of temporal excitement, was becoming the object of a growing appetite. He would not believe it. He assured me that he had the power of control, and was his own master, and he seemed really pained that I should cast so derogatory a doubt upon his manhood. I shook my head, and wound my arms about his neck, and then I tried to make him see what I saw; I tried to make him understand that this very principle of manhood—this power of resistance upon which he prided himself—was being gradually undermined and weakened by the power of the cup. I tried to convince him that appetite was taking the place of reason, and that as appetite grew stronger, his power of self-control grew weaker. But he would not see it. He grew impatient of my anxious counsel, and broke from me.

"I cannot paint for you the gradual fall of that noble intellect, and the sure debasement of that generous soul. The cup became his master, and the whole current of his life ran with the turbid, delirious stream. When he was strong and manful, he would not listen, and when he became weak and broken, he could not. Step by step he fell, dragging down hopes, and joys, and broken hearts. Shade upon shade the gloom settled over him, until the blackness of midnight was round about him. Gleam by gleam faded the light of our home; star after star was blotted from the heaven of our promise; and finally the crash of agony came.

"One dark, stormy, dismal night, they bore to our door a bruised, disfigured form—the officers bore it thither, and left it upon the floor in the hall. It was my brother, dead and cold! My father saw the horrid sight, and his great heart broke, and when the light of the morning came, father and son lay side by side!

"O, mortal tongue cannot tell the deep anguish of that hour. How my mother lived I know not. God must have saved her for my sake. There were months after that which seem a blank in my life—a blank of pain and death. But God has been kind. The crushed spirit, putting forth its tendrils of hope and faith, has been raising itself towards heaven in trust and resignation.

"Now, Henry, you know all. I have told you my story—I have told it for your sake, and for mine. God forgive me if I have done wrong. God help us both. And—you—you—Henry—O—God bless and keep you always!"

And with these words bursting forth, as though from the innermost depths of her soul, Mary Worth covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

For some moments Henry Alton sat like one spellbound. Then he arose from his chair, and, standing by Mary's side, he bent over and kissed her upon the pure white brow. He did not speak—he could not—but he took his hat and left the house, and, as he walked slowly homeward, he thought upon the story he had heard.

* * * * * * * *

There was a chair empty at the club-room. One of the brightest and most genial spirits was missing. In the song and in the jest a strong voice was wanting. One goblet sparkled not with the rosy wine: at one familiar spot upon the board the flagon stopped not.

Where was Henry Alton?

Ah—go ask the happy mother. See the bright tears coursing down her cheek. Hear her as she exclaims—

"O, my son, many a time would I have warned thee had I dared to brave the return of thy proud spirit. Blessed be the hour in my memory that brought the angel to thy rescue!"

The chair at the club-room was empty, the one goblet untouched.

Where was Henry Alton?

Ah, go ask Mary Worth, while yet, for a short hour longer, she answers to her maiden name. See her at the altar, taking upon herself those solemn vows which bind her for life to the man she hath redeemed.

But the influence of Mary Worth's Decision stopped not here. A man like Henry Alton could not move alone. His example had weight, and those who loved him, and recognized his genius, thought it safe to follow in his lead.

So other chairs at the club-room became empty, and other goblets untouched. Aye, and other mothers had reason to thank God for the renewal of hope and joy.

MARY.

The daisy loves the hilly mead,
The lark loves well to nestle by it;
The fawn by mountain stream to feed—
And crop the sweet flowers springing by it!
All living things are fond of change,
All tastes—and all affections—vary;
Save mine—but *mine:* I never range!
For *I* love nothing but my Mary!

The primrose loves the hawthorn hedge,
The hawthorn loves to bend above it;
The lily, 'midst the river sedge,
Makes every eye that sees it, love it!
The linnet loves the peep of morn,
And sings his song in circles airy;
But I—since first my love was born—
Have loved but one—and that was Mary!

Her cheek is like a snowy cloud,
With rosy light just breaking through it,
Her eyes are blue—deep blue—and proud
As they were glorious eyes, and knew it!
Her lips—shy lips—'tis bliss to woo;
Her teeth—were *presents* from some fairy;
But hush!—perchance you'll love her, too;
And none but I must love my Mary!

HIS OWN ENEMY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You have enemies, and they are seeking your destruction."

"No man knows that better than I do. They have dogged my steps for years. There's Mason; he never lets an opportunity for thrusting at me pass. He's done me a world of harm."

"I think you are in error in regard to Mr. Mason. He is your friend, not your enemy."

The minister said this with a deliberateness of utterance that marked his view of the case.

"My friend!" There was bitter contempt in the speaker's voice. "Heaven save me from a troop of such friends! They would soon consign me to the depths of perdition."

"Wrong, all wrong, Mr. Slade. The spirit that prompted your words just now is far more your enemy than Mr. Mason, or any other living mortal."

"You speak in an unknown tongue," was answered.

"If this be so, let me suggest that your happiness and safety in life depend greatly on your becoming acquainted with its significance. You have enemies; so have all men. But, they are within. A man's worst foes are in his own household."

"They are not in my family!" The rejection of this idea was emphatic.

"But they are in your heart, Mr. Slade; that is the household to which I refer. And the enemies that gain admittance there, are your worst enemies—the only ones, in fact, who can do you any serious or permanent injury. Reflect calmly for a little while. Look away from individuals and circumstances, and draw your thoughts inward. Personify, if you can, the states of mind by which you are most strongly influenced, and see if they do not hurt you more than anything that has ever come from the outside? Are you not a self-tormentor, and a *real* enemy in heart, towards those whom you *imagine* in league against you? A *real* enemy, because you retaliate and try to do harm. I have met, a few times in my life, with men who were haunted, as you are, with the singular notion that they had hosts of enemies in the world, when the trouble was within and not without. People who desired to be their friends, were misapprehended and thrown off, or assailed vindictively, under an entire false judgment; and you must not be hurt with me for saying that I fear you are in a similar hallucination."

"Oh, no—oh, no, Mr. Howard! I am under no such hallucination." The imputation was rejected with some warmth, but not in a way to show that he was offended at the clergyman's plainness of speech.

"Pardon me for still thinking that you are," was answered. "Take the case of Mr. Mason, for instance. You call him an enemy."

"I do—and know him to be one. He's injured me in numberless ways."

"Mention one instance."

Mr. Slade did not answer promptly. For almost a minute he stood casting about in his mind, and then said in a dogged kind of manner—

"He's injured me in my business and my reputation, by exciting prejudices against me. I know him better than you do."

"A single fact is worth a dozen inferences, Mr. Slade. Come down to a single fact. Put your hand upon the wrong that he has done. Let us convict him by his acts; these are substantial witnesses."

"He set Carter against me—Carter who was one of my best customers. I'll never forgive him for that, if I live a thousand years."

It so happened that the very individual spoken of came that instant in sight. Howard stepped to the door, and, as he approached, held out his hand, and said—

"Come in a moment. I want to say a word?"

From Carter's manner, it was plain that he would have preferred passing on, but the minister drew firmly on his hand, and he entered the store of Mr. Slade. The two men looked rather shyly at each other, and nodded a cold recognition. There was no offer of the hand from either side.

"You know friend Mason?" said the minister.

"As well as the next man," replied Carter, in an off-hand way.

"See him frequently?"

"Yes; almost every day."

"He talks rather hard against our neighbor, Slade."

"Mason?" There was a tone of surprise in Mr. Carter's voice.

"Yes, Mason."

"Never in my hearing," was Carter's unhesitating reply.

"Did you never hear him speak of me?" Slade's manner was excited, and his tone sharp.

"Yes."

"Of course you have; and it wasn't anything good that he had to say."

"On the contrary," retorted Mr. Carter, "I've heard him speak kindly, and say, in defending you from just censure, that you were more an enemy to yourself than any one else."

"Didn't he prejudice your mind against me?" demanded Slade, still under much excitement?"

"No."

"Who did then?"

"Yourself, and no one else. When you attempted a wanton injury, I was both hurt and offended."

"I never attempted to injure you."

"Stop, sir. Facts are stubborn things. I am a School Director."

The minister noticed a change in the countenance of Slade. Carter went on—

"And was elected over you and two others in our ward, who were nominated for the same office, At once I saw a change in your manner. You could not tolerate the man chosen by your fellow-citizens as better qualified than you were to fill a post of honor and responsibility, and from that hour considered him as your enemy. You sneered at the choice, and depreciated me right and left; and not content with this, assailed my official conduct, which was honest if I know myself, in the newspapers."

"Who says that I did?" Slade's face was crimson with tell-tale blood.

"I called on the editor through whose sheet the assault on me was made public, and learned from him, that you were the author of that assault. I explained to him that you had been a candidate for the same office, and gave him such irrefutable evidence as to the wrong done me, that he made my defence himself. What then? You wrote another communication, more bitter and exaggerated than the first, which was sent to me, and which I burned. No real harm came to *me*; but you damaged *yourself* seriously. You were more your own enemy than mine. A man who is right with his conscience, Mr. Slade, need be in no trouble about enemies, for he is triple armed against them. Now you know why you lost my custom, and why I have held myself at a distance. As for Mason, he is about the best friend you have, and is always suggesting excuses for your ill-natured conduct. Your hand seems to be against every man; and I only wonder, that every man's hand isn't against you—and such will be the case before long, if you don't mend your ways. Get right inside, and all will go well enough on the outside. Look on other men kindly, and you will then begin to understand how others can bear you as kindly a regard. Be forbearing and apologetic in respect to others; and you will comprehend the possibility of a like spirit in return. Take off your distorting spectacles, and look upon your fellows with a clear and manly vision. You will be happier, and more prosperous, my word for it. Good morning! I have spoken plainly, and may it do you good!"

Carter bowed to Slade and the clergyman, and retired. The latter gazed at each other in silence for a few moments. The anger had gone out of Slade's face; and he looked cowed, and discontented.

"Your own worst enemy, I see." Mr. Howard spoke soothingly, yet in a tone of admonition. "The foes you have most to dread, are, as I before remarked, of your own household. Overcome and cast them out, and all will be well. Let them remain, and they will destroy inward peace and outward prosperity. But, why have you cherished the thought that Mason, in particular, is an enemy, ever on the alert to do you harm? Have you done or said any thing to excite his enmity? Men are not usually our enemies from an instinct of antagonism. Most of them desire amity and good will."

Slade was silent.

"I fear, as was intimated in the beginning of our conversation, that your own heart is not right towards your fellow-men, my brother." Mr. Howard was kind but earnest, so as not to give offence, yet penetrate if possible to the region of conviction.

"I have talked out pretty freely against Mason; and it is but natural to infer that some kind friend has repeated my words."

"Why did you talk against him?"

"Because I disliked him; and believed him doing all in his power to injure me."

"Yet, you have the testimony of Mr. Carter, that he speaks well and not ill of you."

"I couldn't have believed it," said Slade, an intimation of doubt in his voice.

"My friend,"—the clergyman spoke with great seriousness—"accept the lesson you have just received and profit by it. You have enemies—bitter and deadly ones, who, sleeping not night nor day, are bent on accomplishing your ruin."

A shadow of concern fell over the countenance of Slade. His thought went back instinctively to the idea of outward enemies—flesh and blood enemies, against whom he had always stood armed for battle. But his friendly monitor swept that illusion aside.

"These enemies," was continued, "are evil spirits flowing into and exciting evil affections. They have already destroyed your peace, and will, unless you cast them out, destroy your soul. Constantly they direct your thoughts to other and imagined enemies, while they work on you their will, and rob you of that precious love of the brethren without which there can be no love of God, or salvation in Heaven. I speak of God, of salvation, and of heaven, because my high calling as a minister gives me the care of immortal souls, and my duty is to help men fight against subtle, malignant, deceiving spirits who are ever seeking their destruction. Cultivate feelings of good will towards your neighbors; desire prosperity for them as well as for yourself; acquiesce in all public sentiments that discriminate against you in favor of another, believing that nothing invidious to yourself lies in the discrimination, but only the recognition of more suitable qualities in another. We are not alike fitted for particular places in life, and our selfish desire to gain a position may lead us to an over-estimate of our fitness in comparison with others. The decision made against us will not be, in these cases, an expression of enmity or ill-will, but a simple election on the ground of superior fitness. I am very sure that if I had been a voter in your ward for School Director, I would have given my ballot for Carter; but, in doing so, I would have expressed no dislike for or opposition to you as an individual. It would simply have been a choice founded on my estimate of respective fitness; and for you to have regarded me as governed by personal dislike, or any feeling of hostility, would have been doing me a great wrong."

"Perhaps I am over-sensitive," remarked Slade. "But if you knew how much I have been persecuted——"

"Don't let your thought go in that direction at all, my friend," said Mr. Howard, interrupting him. "Don't think of persecution, or enmity, or ill-will. Be right with yourself, and just to all men, and outside enemies will soon vanish like the morning cloud and the early dew. Cultivate feelings of kindness and good will for others; seek to help rather than to hinder them; to excuse instead of magnifying their faults; and you will soon find that you have troops of friends where you now see only persecuting enemies. Above all, look inward for your real foes; for the true disturbers of your peace, and sworn destroyers of your life. Unless you put all the powers of your soul in battle array, and fight against them, as the children of Israel were commanded to fight against the Canaanites—even to their utter extermination and banishment from the land—they will make life here bitter and burdensome, and drag you down to everlasting perdition in the world to come. These are the only enemies to be feared, and I pray you, my friend, to cast them out!"

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED | PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

NO man can go down into the dungeon of his experience and hold the torch of truth to all its dark chambers, and hidden cavities, and slimy recesses, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to heaven for mercy and cleansing.

A MAN in the right, though he be alone, is in the majority, for God is on his side, and God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth.

IT is difficult to say whether we are most in danger of losing a friend by asking a favor or by conferring one.

NOT the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, the Coptic, or even the Chinese language is half so difficult to a kind-hearted person as the language of refusal.

THE poor support a yoke of iron, the rich a yoke of gold. The latter is the more costly and showy, but the heavier and more galling.

A FREE press is the beginning of a free government, as a tavern, a blacksmith-shop, and a lawyer are the beginning of a village.

IT is not safe to marry a poet. A young lady should beware of a beau, who, like the bow born of the shower and sun, is always in the clouds.

IT is the advantage of a vain man to have always one admirer, and generally his disadvantage to have but one.

WEDDINGS often leave the old familiar hearts and places as haunted and empty as funerals. Weddings are the funerals of all our old associations.

A WOMAN takes pleasure in giving herself away; she likes to be in the dative case of the grammar of life.

MANY who think Diogenes a great fool for living in a tub, are very proud of living in a pale—the pale of good society.

IN conversation, give the half-open bud of a thought to your friend or listener and let it expand in the sunshine of his own mind.

ENVY and jealousy make the cushion of your chair a pin-cushion, with the points of the pins all turned upward.

THE value of spirituous liquors is always overrated, but everybody knows that water naturally finds its level.

"I believe you think, sir, that I am stupid." "Oh no, Miss, you are wise beyond your years—and that's saying a great deal for your wisdom."

WE pay best those who amuse us, as singers, fiddlers and dancers; next those who cheat and cajole us, as politicians; and least those who instruct us, as teachers.

IN matters of love and appetite beware of surfeits. Nothing contributes so much to the duration of both as moderation.

THE same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach and water in the spring, exists between the whole of men and the whole of nature.

IN emergencies, that man is admitted to the leadership who is the first to take action or to propose it.

IF you would speak *to* the purpose, you must speak *with* a purpose.

THE sight of drink does not satisfy the thirsty soul, but the sight of happiness satisfies the benevolent.

THE man who can't earn a living might as well be urned himself.

A TEAMSTER may do a brisk business, but a wheelbarrow-man carries all before him.

WHAT is smothered soon perishes; so you had better smother your griefs.

SIN and punishment are wedded and can't get a divorce, but they are a most unhappy pair.

THERE'S a pretty important difference between a rich man and a pursy one.

THE human heart, like a clear stream, should reflect all objects around without being sullied by them.

A FLUSH of hope renders toil and trial beautiful, as the sunbeam gives a sparkle to the mountain frost

HE who doubts everything is himself worse than doubtful.

TO confide too much is to put your lemon into another man's squeezer.

GOOD deeds are the blossoms of benevolence.

CURRENT ITEMS.

EARLY one morning recently, smoke was discovered issuing from a basement in Greenwich street, by a policeman; entering the premises, he found four women, grossly intoxicated, lying on the floor, and two children cowering among them; while a dull flame was creeping towards them, along the floor, and filling the room with suffocating smoke and vapor. A spirit lamp had been upset, while burning, and set the floor on fire; and in a short time longer the place would have been wrapped in flames, in which the whole party would have miserably perished.

A MAN was found the other day, drunk and insensible, lying across the track of the Broadway Railroad in Brooklyn, and dragged to one side of the road, under a shed, for protection. After a while, some parties espying his body lying there, examined it, and found that the man had died. On investigation, it was ascertained that the deceased was a habitual drunkard, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had died of congestion of the brain.

A GREEN-LOOKING man from the country was arrested in this city one day recently, for bigamy, it being alleged that he had just married a wife in Brooklyn, while having another in the rural district from whence he had come. He plead guilty, but stated that he thought it was all right, inasmuch as he and his first wife had agreed between themselves that their marriage should go for nothing.

A GENTLEMAN from Philadelphia, one afternoon recently, fell from the third-story window of his father-in-law's residence in Williamsburg, where he was lately visiting, and was injured so badly it was supposed his death must soon follow. He was sitting on the window-sill, conversing with some of his relatives, at the time of the melancholy accident.

KIT CARSON, the celebrated guide and Indian fighter, while crossing the Rocky Mountains not long since, mounted on a mule, was precipitated, by the slipping of his animal, over a precipice; and he and the mule fell two hundred feet, but striking a snow-bank both escaped without serious injury.

THE driver of an ash-cart, while whipping up his horse and driving recklessly along Front street one evening lately, ran over an old man, and injured him so severely that it was thought he could not recover. The driver escaped, and his victim was taken to the hospital.

THE body of a man about thirty-five years of age was found one morning recently in the Central Park pond. There was no clue to his identity. In one of his vest pockets was a five-dollar bill on the Milledgeville Bank, of Georgia.

AT a fire in Hester street, the other night, a little girl being exposed to death by burning, her mother rushed through the flames to the second-story room where the child was, and rescued her daughter at the imminent risk of her own life.

A YOUNG girl residing in Greene street upset a spirit lamp that was burning, one evening recently, and the fluid taking fire, an explosion followed, whereby a quantity of the flaming spirit was thrown upon the girl, and she was burnt so badly that her life was despaired of.

A FEW days since a man was standing on the track of the Sixth Avenue Railroad, and not seeing a car that was rapidly approaching, and not being himself seen by the driver, he was knocked down and run over, and his arm was fractured in two places.

IT is reported that the coffee crop of Brazil will be a complete failure this year, an insect having attacked and spoiled it, very much as the weevil ruins our wheat crops. Bad for coffee drinkers.

A YOUNG lad, whose parents reside in Clarkson street, while playing on the roof of the house one evening not long since, fell thence to the ground, and was instantly killed.

THE dead bodies of three men and those of two women were taken from the East River, in the course of one day lately, by the police. Drownings seem to be unusually numerous this season.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Fifty-seventh street, while up a tree picking cherries one day recently, fell to the ground and was very badly injured.

A LITTLE girl five years of age, while playing in her mother's kitchen one day lately, set her clothes on fire at the range, and was burned to death.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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GOING INTO BATTLE.

Men even of the strongest nerves and the most undoubted pluck, do not, it may be fairly presumed, feel *quite* comfortable when, for the first time, under fire. It is no dishonor to his manhood if the heart of the young soldier beats "double quick" in his maiden battle. The "Iron Duke" admitted that he felt rather "queer" during his introductory essay in arms, and a gallant officer, who fought under him in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, once assured us that when *he* first heard the shot whistling about his ears he *wanted to dodge*. But this feeling soon wears off. The excitement of battle swallows up every other sensation, and after having taken an active part in two or three engagements, the soldier becomes indifferent, if not absolutely insensible, to danger. During the war in the Crimea the men in the allied army were often heard speculating, on the eve of a conflict, upon the probability of obtaining certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the bodies of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Russians. The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with foot gear is worthy of note. When a French or English soldier, on the look-out for "unconsidered trifles" after a battle, descried on the field the corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay on his back, and putting his soles against those of the dead man, ascertained by that mode of measurement whether the articles were near enough to a fit to be worth the trouble of removal. During the war in Mexico our "boys" displayed equal *sang froid*. Their conversations before the engagements of Cherubusco and Chepultepec were not of the probabilities of being mowed down by the cannon of the foe, but of the delectable things they were soon to see in the "Halls of the Montezumas."

"All men think all men mortal but themselves," says the poet, and facts like these seem almost to justify the assertion.

It is generally supposed that desperadoes—fellows at war with society, and with whom society is at war—make the best soldiers; but this is an error. According to the testimony of all experienced officers, men of bad character, however brave, physically, are a curse to any army. Such men are generally the prime movers of insubordination and mutiny, and if there is any treason at work, are pretty sure to be at the bottom of it. Moral courage is as essential in military as in civil life, and it is not an attribute of the depraved and vicious. He who goes into battle with a clear conscience, confident in the justice of the cause for which he risks his life, and believing that God is on his side, is the only true hero. He is not bloodthirsty, he is not under the domination of a sanguinary and brutal instinct, but he is enthusiastic where ardor is required, calm and collected in emergencies, and can bear up cheerfully against reverses, hardships and privations, under which the desperado would "wilt down," or desert. What but moral courage, born of integrity of purpose and confidence in Heaven, sustained the ragged, half-starved, ill-paid soldiers of a bankrupt republic, in their desperate struggle, with the well appointed legions of the enemy, during the darkest hours of the American Revolution? The ice-obstructed Delaware had not been crossed, the battles of Trenton and Princeton had never been fought and won, the horrors of the winter bivouac at Valley Forge had never been endured, the inestimable blessing of our National Independence had never been attained, but for the moral courage and fortitude of good and true men, at peace with God and their own consciences. Rowdies and desperadoes, however available as food for powder in a furious charge, never achieve such exploits, or submit patiently to such hardships, as have made the heroes of '76 immortal in history. It may be set down as an axiom that bad men *never* make good soldiers.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The traffic of the civilized world is carried on by a firm consisting of two partners, Wholesale and Retail. Having the command of a vast amount of capital, in big chunks, Wholesale is generally considered the head of the concern, and takes the airs of a senior partner. Retail, however, is undoubtedly "the original," since it is obvious that when the human family was in its infancy commercial tranactions could not have been *en gros*, but must have been *en detail*. It would have been ridiculous for the immediate descendants of Adam and Eve to purchase flour by the thousand barrels, or cotton by the cargo, seeing that their wants were limited to the quantities required for home consumption, and that all the homes in the world were comprised in a small settlement. But as population thickened, Wholesale put his finger, or rather his big, shovel-like hand, into the pie. He speculated, he monopolized, he created "scarcities" and "gluts" in the market, at will. His discourse was of entire flocks, and herds, and crops. His name was good for piles of shekels. He was a quantitarian. And it came to pass that he looked down upon and snubbed his elder, but less arrogant, brother Retail; and strove to overstride the world like a colossus, bidding the small fry walk between his legs. He does so, occasionally, at the present day—even in Republics, where "all men are born equal."

And yet if my Lord Wholesale would condescend to think the matter over, he would see that he was dependent for all his profits on the little unpretending fellow Retail—that his warehouses were founded on Retail's shops, and that were this underpinning withdrawn, down would go his business. Bereft of his plebeian constituency of shopkeepers, hawkers and peddlers, he would be a nobody. The world could make shift to get along without Wholesale, but not without Retail.

If Wholesale would lay these things to heart, he might possibly be more lenient than he sometimes is to the other fellow, in hard times, and refrain from selling him out and making a bankrupt of him as he now and then does unkindly and unnecessarily.

Just now Wholesale is in a subdued and solemn frame of mind—rather in the dumps, in fact. So, for the matter of that, is Retail. The former, in some instances, condescends to come down to the level of the latter, taking the same business *role*, and despising not the day of small things. Whether Retail approves of this proceeding on the part of his big brother, is another matter. We have an idea that he does not.

We heartily wish both the brothers a livelier time; and they will doubtless have it in the fall. At present they lounge a good deal in stores and office chairs, which they balance on their hind legs at the angle deprecated by Mrs. Trollope. But a busier season is not far distant, and in the meantime, Wholesale and Retail have ample leisure to read the Ledger, and imbibe the genial, hopeful, never-say-die spirit with which its pages are imbued.

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WRITING AND FIGHTING.

During the rebellion in Ireland an officer wrote home to his family that in consequence of the distracted state of the country, he was compelled to pen his letter with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. This was unquestionably a notable achievement, but it is almost rivalled by the deeds of certain army correspondents of the present time, as related by themselves. These gentlemen are with the advance in every forward movement. They participate in every skirmish, volunteer on every perilous reconnoisance, and it is really hard to say whether they are mightiest with the pen or with the sword. But do they, in the midst of peril, preserve always that calm and equable frame of mind essential to the composition of truthful history? We fear not. Else whence those gigantic *canards* which reach us every now and then from the gunpowder gentlemen of the press? Certainly it is not to the *smoke* of battle that we must attribute such reportorial exaggerations; for the "clouds of war" are more apt to conceal than to amplify the numbers of the killed and wounded. It is, doubtless, the ardor of the conflict—"the stern joy that warriors feel" in the hour of supreme danger—which prevents the more vivacious among our military literati from seeing things in their true light, and hence the discrepancies between their statements and the official accounts.

Every man to his vocation—the cobbler to his last, the warrior to his sword, the "gentleman of the press" to the most powerful of all weapons, the pen. A bit of steel with a split in it, wielded by a competent hand, can accomplish more than a ton of the same metal fashioned into bayonets. Let soldiers fight, and "ready writers" stick to their stationery.

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MR. EVERETT'S GREAT ORATION.

Mr. Everett's discourse at the Academy of Music on the Fourth inst. rose to the dignity of a historical event. In matter, arrangement, scope, style, tone and delivery, it was a thorough triumph. It came fully up to the spirit of the time, and was applauded and cheered by the immense concourse with a vehemence of approbation such as is only exhibited when the deepest chords of the heart are struck by a master hand. It is a rare thing in the annals of the world that the memories of the Past, the exigencies of the Present, and the hopes of the Future combine as on the recent 85th Anniversary of our National Independence to give the orator an unexampled occasion; and when such an occasion does occur, it is still more rarely that an orator is found equal to it. But at the Academy of Music, on last Independence Day, there was nothing wanting. The memories of the Past, the exigencies of the Present, the hopes of the Future, which so fill the imaginations and agitate the hearts of the people, all found fitting expression and illustration in the fervid, golden eloquence of the orator. The occasion was an era in the life of every person present; it was a proud—an immortal day for Mr. Everett, whose great, unanswerable, timely and patriotic address, unaided by his inestimable public services heretofore, would alone secure him the imperishable gratitude of his countrymen, and place his name among those which the nation will forever delight to honor.

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THE CROTON.

This beautiful stream, which furnishes nearly a million of people with "pure and wholesome water," will not always yield its present copious supply, unless occasionally cleared from obstructions. About sixty-five miles from New York it passes through an extensive, thickly-wooded swamp, where the channel is becoming shallower every year in consequence of the marsh soil washing into it during the heavy freshets of the Spring and Fall. In many places, where the water was from three to five feet deep in the dryest season four years ago, it is not now more than twelve or fifteen inches deep. Large quantities of brushwood are thrown into the stream at various points above and below the dam, and in short, no supervision whatever seems to be exercised by the Croton Board over the remote portions of this invaluable water course. The "Goddess of the Fountain," apostrophized by General Morris, when the Croton made its debut in the Park, must be immeasurably disgusted with the present condition of its head-waters, and the Naiads on the route have much reason to complain of the mud, brush, stumps, &c., &c., which pollute and choke up the sometime "crystal river." No wonder the water from the hydrants sometimes tastes of the nuisances which accumulate in its path, and which it has no little difficulty in getting round or over.

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THE WILD BEASTS.

A society was organized in this city, a year or more ago, to stock a hundred acres of Central Park with wild beasts, wild birds, and reptiles. It was understood that the ground for the Zoological rendezvous had been designated, that the society had ample funds, and that they were about to send out mighty hunters to various parts of the earth, to ensnare and capture elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers and other "small deer." Has the scheme fallen through? Is the stock, which was expected to command a premium, unsaleable? With a noble site for a Zoological garden tendered as a free gift, is the city menagerie to be limited to the bulls and bears of Wall street? A big hippopotamus has just come over from Europe and made his debut in Canada. Suppose the society, if it has not collapsed, buy him for a beginning, and fence off an acre or so of the skating pond for his accommodation. A Zoological and Botanical garden, like the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, would pay in New York, and the Central Park affords facilities for such an institution unequalled in any public grounds in Europe. There is the Croton for the aquatic fowl, fish and amphibii, and a space five times the size appropriated in Paris to the same purpose can be conveniently spared for the quadrupeds, plants, etc., from the eight hundred acres of our Central Park.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

The following narrative of scenes and incidents at the memorable siege of Yorktown, is from the journal of a soldier, long since deceased, who distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery during the war of the Revolution.

"Yorktown, at that period, was quite a flourishing little village, containing some sixty houses, several of which were elegant dwellings. It was and is situated on the right or south bank of York river, some twelve miles from the junction of the latter with Chesapeake Bay. This river, which might properly be termed an arm of the sea, is a mile wide for a considerable distance above and below the town, and will admit vessels of the largest draught. Opposite Yorktown is the village of Gloucester. Both these places were occupied by British troops—the main body of the army, some seven thousand strong, Lord Cornwallis commanding in person, being quartered at the former, and a regiment of infantry and Tarleton's famous legion at the latter.

"When the allied army, under General Washington, numbering twelve thousand, exclusive of some four thousand Virginia militia, sat down before the town, with the American right resting on the river below the place, and the French left on the river above, Lord Cornwallis was caught as in a trap—for a French blockading fleet, which had sometime previous taken its station at the mouth of York river, gave him no outlet to the ocean, and now he could not escape by land. It was fight or surrender, and time proved it was both.

"Although it may be said that the allied army had invested the town as early as the 28th of September, yet not till the 9th of October did our batteries fairly open upon the devoted place—the interval being employed in digging trenches, throwing up redoubts, and getting our heavy guns into position. The labor of the soldier, meantime, was very severe. Every other night and day we had to take our turn with pick and shovel, working and sleeping a portion of the time in a cold rain, sometimes resorting to our arms to repel a sortie of the enemy, and being more or less exposed all the while, especially in daylight, to a severe cannonade.

"One night, while at work upon a redoubt which was pretty well advanced toward the British lines, I was called from my labor and told my captain wished to see me. I found him slowly pacing to and fro just beyond ear-shot of the men; and I approached him with uneasiness, not knowing if my reception would be pleasant, though unable to think of anything I had done to merit other treatment. His first words relieved me of all apprehension, but roused my curiosity to the highest.

"'Philip,' he said, in a kind and feeling tone, 'we have seen long and hard service together.'

"'We both remember Valley Forge, Captain!' replied I, touching my cap.

"'Philip, it grieves me to offer to try you as few men are tried; but the truth is, I have been asked for a brave, intelligent man, to go on a secret service, and I have ventured to name you—though I beg you to understand at once, that you will not be *sent* on this service—if not voluntary on your part, you can return to your duty and no hard feelings between us.'

"'Name the service, Captain,' said I.

"'It is no less than desertion to the enemy, to play the part of a spy in his camp.'

"I instinctively shuddered, but strove to appear calm.

"'Who has asked for this service?' I inquired, in as indifferent a tone as I could assume.

"'Our great and noble commander, General Washington.'

"'I do not fear death so much as disgrace,' I replied. 'I have a name among my comrades, that this one act of my life will cover with infamy; yet, to serve my country and our beloved Commander-in-Chief, I will make the sacrifice.'

"'God bless you, Philip!' he said, again grasping my hand; 'I felt I could rely on you. Follow me!'

"He led me back about a hundred yards, to where three men stood grouped together. As we approached, one of these stepped forward. Dark as it was, I recognized that commanding form. It was the great General Washington himself.

"'Well?' he said.

"'He is ready to serve our country and your excellency,' replied the Captain, with a military salute.

"'Young man,' said General Washington, placing his hand on my shoulder with fatherly tenderness, 'permit me to thank you in advance in behalf of our country. The task you have accepted is one of peril, without the soldier's incentive of glory. Should your purpose be discovered, you will never return; and while absent, to say the least, your name will be a word of reproach. All this I suppose you have considered?'

"'I have, your excellency.'

"'It only remains for me to add, then, that you must escape to-night, in what manner you think best, so that your secret is revealed to none. When within the enemy's lines, observe all that takes place, ascertain the general feeling, as far as you can, among officers and soldiers, and, if you discover anything of great importance for us to know, endeavor to return and report. If arrested within our lines as a deserter, you can say you had instructions from me, and demand that your case be brought before me. May Heaven prosper you! Adieu!'

"With this General Washington withdrew, and I returned to my labors a prouder and a happier man, yet feeling the weight of a somewhat oppressive responsibility.

"Some two hours after this, while at work upon the exterior of the redoubt, I found an opportunity to crawl along a bank of earth, till some yards from my companions, when I walked boldly off toward our line of pickets, concealed by the dense darkness. As I drew near the outer line of sentries, I got down on my hands and knees, and crawled slowly and cautiously forward, watching my opportunity, as the nearest paced back and forth, to cross his beat behind him. This I succeeded in doing without being perceived; but as I again rose to my feet and attempted to hurry forward, I stumbled on the uneven ground and fell. The noise attracted the attention of the sentry, who instantly challenged. Without reply, I sprung to my feet and ran. He fired, the ball whistling past me, not wide of the mark. In a moment all was excitement and alarm on our side—the guard turning out, and the men in the trenches preparing to repel a sortie of the enemy. The picket of the British, which was not far distant, not knowing the cause of alarm, and fearing an assault, also fired and turned out the guard—so that when I reached the British lines I was in danger of being both cut to pieces and riddled with balls.

"'Don't fire on me—I am a deserter from the enemy!' I shouted.

"The next minute I found myself surrounded by a small squad of excited soldiers; and an officer, seizing me roughly by the arm, demanded the cause of the alarm. I hurriedly explained.

"'What a —— cowardly pack you rebels are!' he exclaimed: 'A runaway tumbles down, and forthwith the whole camp gets under arms.'

"My blood boiled for a severe retort, but I simply said:

"'I have left the cowardly pack, and do not wish to be considered a rebel.'

"An hour or two after, I was conducted into the presence of a number of distinguished officers, all of whom were splendidly dressed. They were seated around a table covered with maps, drawings and papers. One, from his stern, haughty bearing, and his post of honor at the head of the table, I believed to be Lord Cornwallis himself.

"'Well, fellow,' he said, eyeing me sternly, 'you are a deserter from the cursed rebel nest?'

"'So please your lordship.'

"'Umph! how know you it is my lordship?'

"'I fancy I perceive the stamp of nobility in your features.'

"'A shrewd knave!' he rejoined, but evidently not displeased. 'Well, why did you desert?'

"'I thought I could do better than work in the trenches so near the royal lines.'

"'Do you wish to enlist in our ranks?'

"'Not till this siege is over, so please your lordship.'

"'What is the reported number of the whole rebel force now before the town?'

"'I have heard it estimated at sixteen thousand, your lordship.'

"His lordship compressed his lips and frowned.

"'I suppose Mr. Washington thinks he has me at last!' he said, with sullen anger; 'but I will show him that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. If Clinton would only come with his reinforcements!' he added, as if thinking aloud. 'What can detain him? But he will soon be here; and once out of this, I will cut the allied army to pieces and lay waste the whole country.' Gods! if he were only here now!' and he struck the table with his fist. 'How do our batteries tell on the rebels?' he suddenly demanded of me.

"It was with a degree of satisfaction I could scarcely conceal that I replied:

"'They have done but little damage so far, your lordship—the intrenchments save the men.'

"'But the rebels do not reply to us!' he said, with a frown.

"'They will shortly, your lordship. Their great guns and mortars have arrived, and are rapidly being mounted and put in position.'

"'And do they really think they can compel us to surrender?'

"'They are just fools enough to think so, your lordship.'

"After a few more questions, his lordship waved his hand, and I was led away. An hour later, a severe cannonade opened against our whole line of trenches and redoubts, and was continued all night and the next day. Being now at liberty to go where I pleased, I went through the streets of the town, mingled with the soldiery, and ascertained that the prevailing feeling was heavy gloom, deep mortification, and bitter hatred of the rebels. The most sanguine felt that without some unforeseen good fortune their doom was sealed.

"The night following my desertion, the American guns opened on the devoted town, and from that time, for a week, ball and bomb came crashing in among us, doing the most terrible execution. Houses were completely riddled, and men were killed standing, sitting and lying—in every possible position, and at every possible occupation. A mounted officer, while turning in his saddle to give some orders to his men, was struck on the head by a shell descending vertically, and as it came down through the horse, it exploded, and tore both rider and beast into a thousand pieces, at the same time wounding several others.

"The British fought bravely, and with desperation, and there was an incessant thunder of cannons and mortars night and day. The most sublime scene was in the night, when a hundred constant flashes could be seen below, and the heavens above were bright with meteoric shells crossing each other's paths, and coming down in a fiery shower at every point. One night a red-hot ball set fire to the Charon forty-four gun ship, stationed in the river, and this to three other smaller vessels, and all were consumed together, presenting a spectacle of gloomy magnificence I shall never forget.

"I have only mentioned what I saw, but no description could do justice to the awful scene of destruction on every hand. Toward the last the allies had a hundred batteries in constant play, while those of the British, one by one, were steadily becoming silenced. At last it became known that Cornwallis had resolved on the desperate measure of crossing the river in the night to Gloucester with the main body of his army, with the intention of cutting to pieces the French troops stationed there in opposition to Tarleton, and then mounting their horses, and such others as they might be able to seize, and attempting to reach New York by land, leaving his sick and wounded to the mercy of the allies. This I thought a matter of importance to our commander-in-chief, and, watching my opportunity, I made my escape, at considerable peril, to the American lines, and conveyed the news to General Washington, who again thanked me for my zeal in the service of my country, and prepared to act on the information.

"Lord Cornwallis actually did make the attempt to escape in this manner, but a sudden storm defeated his plan—the boats, instead of crossing, were driven down the river, and nearly lost—and the next day he was forced to the humiliation of sending a flag to the despised rebels, to negotiate the terms of that surrender which marks so bright an epoch in the history of our country.

"A few words from my captain restored me in triumph to my comrades, and I had the proud satisfaction of being present when the whole British army marched out in silence, with colors cased, and laid down their arms at the feet of their conquerors—a sullen, angry, but humbled body of prisoners of war."

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IMITATORS.

There are many persons who are annoyed at being imitated; when, if they would but reflect, this is the greatest compliment they could possibly receive, and damaging alone to the imitator, who not only advertises himself as a copyist, but succeeds only in copying the trifling defects of his model. Imitation is often the tacit tribute of envy, and ill-will to superiority. This is as true of one kind of imitation as of another. It is not confined to literary aspirants. There are imitators of dress—of manners—of conversation, gait, gesture and pronunciation. Inflated with the idea that they fill the public eye, they prate, and strut, and chatter, and write, quite insensible to that which is obvious to every body *but* themselves. These human parrots of both sexes, are painful to endure; still we believe the law does not justify us for that reason, in their immediate and utter extinction. Fanny Fern.

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The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

THE PULPIT—ITS ELEVATION OF CHARACTER MUST BE MAINTAINED.

Every student of the Bible must have been impressed by the force and emphasis with which the doctrine is inculcated, that those set apart to preach the Word of God are held to a peculiar accountability for personal excellence of character. Reason, as well as Inspiration, teaches us that this is right. Clergymen are relieved from that care for temporal matters with which ordinary men are perplexed, to the very end that they may attain to a higher relish for spiritual affairs, which, to all men, are of far greater moment. It is, therefore, reasonable and natural to apply to them the Scriptural doctrine: "To whom much is given, from him also shall much be required."

Now what is the most effective method which can be adopted to preserve that high standard of morality among clergymen, which all Christians are agreed is an object of the first necessity?

This is a question which public sentiment has already passed upon and decided. It is to sustain the good and denounce the bad in the clerical profession.

It is true that there is sometimes an attempt to make an exception to this rule. Where a popular minister has led astray a confiding member of his flock, we occasionally see him sustained and cloaked by enough of the leading men around him to keep him in the pulpit. But what is the result? The popular instinct, true and right, asserts its supremacy, and he is soon doomed to preach, unsalaried, to empty pews or benches. God's touchstone in the human heart tells it not to look to an Impostor for the Bread of Life.

The great mass of clergymen—all the sensible ones—see that for their own profession it is best and most desirable that these things should be so. When the Rev. Mr. Harden was hung, over in New Jersey, for poisoning his wife, we believe the clerical profession in that State did not regard the account of his execution as a libel on themselves.

We recently protested against young clergymen persuading from venerable pastors near by them, old members of a church to leave and join another—a very mild and reasonable protest, we think everybody will agree. Will it be credited that a clergyman in Connecticut actually wrote us a note, asking us to "apologize" for this?

Poor simpleton! has he ever heard the story of the unsuspected, but guilty urchin, who came sneaking into the house one day, and said: "Mother, *I didn't throw the stone and kill the chicken*."

As we have already remarked, the people have permanently settled this question. Taking a common-sense view of the matter, they hold that where only white wool is wanted, a farmer would do better to sever a few black sheep from his flock than to whitewash them. So, it is wiser and better to reprobate a few erring clergymen than that the interests of the Church should suffer by their being permitted to go unrebuked.

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A WORD TO PARENTS.

There is one thing of which some mothers are guilty, against which I wish to enter my protest; not that there is *but* one; but my present misery is their practice of *waking children and young people in the morning*. I think this should never be done, as nature *alone*, at the earlier stages of existence, should determine the hour of waking. If it is wished that a child, for any reason, should wake earlier, it should be put to bed earlier; but this rousing the half-rested young things to a day of petulance, consequent upon such indiscretion, I believe to be downright cruelty. Nothing is gained by it, what advantage soever may be thought to follow. *A child will always wake when it has had sleep enough*, unless, indeed, it is drugged; and I never look upon the poor, little, yawning things, prematurely and causelessly pulled out of their nests, without a feeling of indignation. That child performs its whole duty, who sleeps, and eats, and plays enough, and minds what it is told. As to a book, it is my belief it should never look into one, until after it is seven years old. Then we should seldom see any big-headed, narrow-chested, fretful children. The time wholly spent in growing vigorously would be amply *atoned* for, if I must at this day use that deprecatory word, by the vigor with which they would learn when put to their books. And, as to whipping or punishing children, it is my belief that, as a general rule, where the child is punished once, the parents *should* be punished six times, as being the guiltier party. Sometimes, on account of their spasmodic government, granting at one time what is refused at another, so that the child never knows what it is to expect; sometimes because the irritating manner of the parent, *causes* the very misdemeanor for which the child is made to suffer; sometimes because the parent feeds the child so improperly that it is next to impossible for it to be otherwise than fractious. And so we might go on multiplying instances without number. As to the children of the poor, and their parents, both are to be pitied. The poor woman in an unhealthy cellar, tied to the wash-tub, with half a dozen rebellious little things clinging to her skirts, looking forward, perhaps, to the return of a drunken husband at night; how can we judge *her* harshly, whose every moment must be spent in toil, even if the hasty word or blow *does* descend, where time for *government*, or reasoning with the clamorous, untamed brood is a thing impossible. But for those parents more happily situated, what excuse can be found broad enough to cover indolence or inefficiency in this regard? Those whose "nay" should *mean* nay, and whose "yea" should be as inviolate as the laws of the Medes and Persians?

I fully believe in making a child mind; and I think no cruelty comparable to that of which injudicious indulgence is guilty, when it introduces to the world a man or woman who is a man or woman only *in stature*, having all a child's unreasonableness, wilfulness and temper, untamed and unchecked, and what is worse, *having no desire* to check or tame it.

I say this advisedly, for, from out the cruelty of parents, terrible as that is, will sometimes grow the self-sustained, self-reliant, useful man or woman; but who shall compute the misery that follows in the wake of the pampered, conceited, petted, arrogant *grown-up child*, acknowledging no law in earth or Heaven but its own imperious will? Fanny Fern.

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HOW TO BEAR IT.

Only he to whom Heaven is a reality, can possibly preserve his self-poise in the jarring conflict of life. How can man, constantly disheartened and disappointed as he is, by the *apparent* triumph of wrong over right, by the poverty of those of whom the world is not worthy, in contrast with the gilded, full-fed, honored wickedness which seems to give the lie to every thing to which our better natures cling, how can man, under such circumstances, walk hopefully in the narrow path, if beyond, and through, the mists of the valley, he discern not the serene mountain tops? No—only the Christian can say in view of earthly loss and disappointments: "It is well—let *Him* do what seemeth to him good." Only the Christian—nor need he be—nor is he—*of necessity* a "church member,"—can say—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Fanny Fern.

DEATH OF COLONEL KNOWLTON,

AT THE BATTLE OF HAERLEM, SEPT. 16TH, 1776.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Green Haerlem's heights were bloody red,
For there the dying and the dead
In dire confusion lay,
And a brave chieftain of our throng,
Whose martial pulse beat high and strong,
Was with the fallen that day.

Then, as he bore the mortal pang,
Forth from the ranks a stripling sprang
In agony of dread;
"Oh, Father!—Father, dear!" he cried,
While wildly kneeling by his side
He propp'd the drooping head.

The hero spoke without a moan,
Clasping the hand that held his own
Fast mid the gory sod;
"My son, my latest life-tide bleeds,
Haste to the field! Thy country needs!
Go! Leave me with my God."

He lived, when patriot faith was strong,
When leap'd to right their country's wrong
Unblenching hearts and hands;
When but *one Arnold* stain'd her fame,
And like a beacon black with shame
His hateful memory stands.

He dared to go where any led,
He dared to lead, though hope had fled;
The Lion-Putnam loved
His counsel and advice to claim,
And Washington, whose voice was fame,*
Bold Knowlton's cause approved.

Doth any monument arise,
And spread fair tablet to the skies,
A future race to show
The dauntless soul that never quail'd?
The truthful creed that never fail'd?
His country answers, "*No!*"

But yet those virtues pure and true,
Which friend, and church, and hearth-stone knew
His life of Christian love;
Earth's marble is too poor to keep,
They for such eyes as never weep
Write history above.

Hartford, June 12th, 1861.

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* Washington, in his General Orders, the day after the battle of Haerlem, said, "The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who would have been an *honor to any country*, fell yesterday while gloriously fighting."
DR. WOODWARD'S MEMOIR OF KNOWLTON.

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

[That new readers, who have not seen the first installment of this story in the LEDGER of last week, may be able to understand it, we give a synopsis of what has already been published. The "Triad" was a secret band, organized by Benedict Arnold, to help on his meditated treason. His chief co-adjutors were Captain Gondo, an educated Indian, and one Wells, a rich tory, living in Philadelphia. Harry Temple, a captain in the Patriot army, on his way to the latter city with despatches for Washington, had come upon the body of a young drummer boy named Poole, who had been murdered by the "Triad," who had cut a triangular scalp from his head and pinned it on his bosom—this being the invariable mark or seal they set upon all their victims. On Captain Temple's reporting this murder in Philadelphia, the story had spread, with many exaggerations, until the populace became so exasperated that they resolved to wreak vengeance on *somebody;* and Wells's name being mentioned, they rushed to his house, seized him, carried him out, tarred and feathered him, and set the mansion on fire. It so happened that Captain Temple, who was in love with Clara Wells, the tory's daughter, had been turned out of the house by the old man, who hated him, but a short time before the mob arrived. But on hearing the uproar, he had turned back, and after exacting from the leaders of the populace a promise not to injure Wells, had plunged into the burning edifice to save Clara or perish with her in the flames. At this point, General Arnold, and his confederate, Gondo, arrive on the scene, as described in the opening of the following chapter.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE.

Into the midst of the roaring and surging multitude without, with all its elements of mingled grotesqueness and horror, two men now advanced.

"What is this!" cried one, in authoritative tone and with flashing eyes.

The crowd fell back, and murmured, "General Arnold!" He was generally disliked in Philadelphia, but he was feared also.

"What is this?" he repeated, sternly.

No one answered.

"Who is that man?"

"Wells—the traitor!" cried several.

"And, pray, who told you he was a traitor?" cried Arnold, fiercely. "Villains! to your homes. And you," he cried, addressing those who were carrying Wells, "I know you—and you will suffer for this. In spite of your suspicions, that man is a good citizen. Deliver him to me, and go about your business."

Overawed by his manner and authority, the mob obeyed and gave up their prisoner.

"Now, Gondo, bring my carriage up here."

Just as Gondo left a great cry was heard.

Cheer upon cheer rent the air. A moment before, the mob, in their madness, were exulting in their destructive work. But fearful suspicion about Clara Wells had been suggested, and excited their friends.

But now as they stood there, while the vast waves of flame rolled out from every window, and burst from every portion of the roof, a figure was seen emerging from the door, bearing a burden in his arms.

At once the truth flashed upon the minds of all.

Reeling and staggering, blinded and suffocated by the smoke, Harry Temple came slowly out, bearing his precious burden. He had found her in the cellar, where she had fled with her father. When he was arrested she had screamed and sunk lifeless to the floor. There Temple found her, and caught her up and brought her forth to light and life.

In one of those sudden transitions which characterize mobs of every kind, the popular feeling changed, and she, whose life they would have taken in their first madness, was now welcomed back to safety with cries of exultation and tears of joy.

Overcome with fatigue and excitement, and weakened by the foul vapors which he had breathed, Temple had scarcely deposited his burden in safety upon the turf, when he sank down lifeless beside her.

All then was tumult and haste. Arnold conveyed Clara to his carriage, where her father already had gone, and Temple was lifted by kind, though rough hands, and carried tenderly to the nearest house.

Meanwhile, Arnold drove off to his house, where he lavished upon his guests every attention. Clara recovered quickly. In deep anxiety, she asked for her father. As soon as she heard that he was uninjured, she recovered her strength rapidly. Arnold's wife bestowed upon her the most tender care and sympathy. They were congenial souls. The innocence and beauty of Clara made her loved by all, and by none more than the gentle wife of the great general. Her sympathies with Clara were heightened by the fact that she too was the daughter of a Tory, and had seen something of the troubles which Clara was undergoing. Her wonderful beauty made her an object of admiration; her pale and somewhat melancholy face seemed already to foreshadow the frightful evils that awaited her, and this sadness was now hightened by the fear that her husband was on the verge of some unparallelled crime.

In a day or so Clara was as well as ever, and in the gentle society of Mrs. Arnold she rapidly recovered her spirits.

Temple, however, recovered more slowly, for he had received serious injury. Clara did not know the full extent of her indebtedness to him, and was piqued at his absence; but afterwards thought that he kept away on her father's account.

Two days after this occurrence Captain Gondo was announced. His dark features seemed lighted up with joy as he greeted her.

"You had a narrow escape, Miss Wells."

"Yes—but I can scarcely tell whom to thank for it yet."

"Oh, do you not know?"

"No."

"It was your friend, Henry Temple," said Gondo, with a sinister look.

Clara was mute with astonishment.

"He found you in the cellar. You had fainted at the moment your father was seized."

"I know, but my recollection does not extend beyond that."

"I have seen Temple."

"How is he? Was he injured?"

"Injured?" said Gondo, in surprise. "No."

"Was there no danger incurred in saving me——"

"Why you were in the cellar, and the fire was all in the upper stories."

Clara was silent.

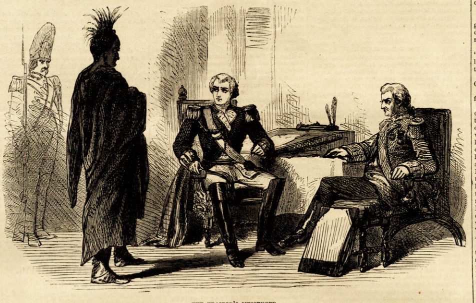
"It was a good thing, too."

"What?"

"Oh, the whole affair."

"Do you mean to say that this hideous misfortune was a good thing," cried Clara.

"I was regarding it from my friend Temple's point of view."



THE TRAITOR'S MESSENGER.

"What is that?" asked Clara, in wonder.

"Don't you understand?"

"No, sir. You speak in riddles," said Clara, gravely.

"Who stirred up this excitement originally?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Who brought to Philadelphia this wonderful story about Poole?"

"Captain Temple," said Clara.

"And Captain Temple was quite a hero and a patriot, I hear, for a few hours," said Gondo, in a tone that carried a world of meaning.

"He has no cause to love your father," added Gondo.

"No," faltered Clara.

"I hear your father insulted him. It was a pity. He is a powerful and therefore a dangerous enemy."

Clara was silent.

"How easily he could injure your father, and revenge himself by dilating upon the Poole tragedy, and hinting about Wells the Tory."

Clara turned as pale as death.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, slowly, "that he dared to hint——"

"People talk thus. There's a great reaction in town now, and the whole Poole story is supposed to be either false, or greatly exaggerated."

"Do you believe it?"

"I believe that the young fellow is dead—most probably he had a fight along the road. But all this nonsense about the 'Triad' I believe to be the creation of the fertile fancy of——"

He paused.

Clara shuddered.

"Had your father an interview with him before the mob came? I ask as Temple's friend. People talk so, you know. They say that your father insulted him again, that Temple went off vowing vengeance, and that soon after the mob came. They say that it was hardly fair play. Was this so?"

Clara bowed her head, and was silent. Terrible fears and suspicions filled her mind.

"I see that it pains you to suspect a friend. It pains me, too. But how much better it is to know the truth. There is yet another thing that makes the matter worse."

"What is it?"

"People say—remember, I am only stating rumors, and I declare I am half unwilling to go any further; only, if it is true, it is so abominable that it ought to be known to you."

"What is it? Tell me all," gasped Clara, more and more agitated; and, with a sigh that seemed to come from her inmost soul, she waited further revelations.

"They say that, although he had vowed vengeance on your father, yet he had no unfriendly feelings towards you. So, after the attack had fairly commenced, he made his appearance. Your father saw him, and in his agony appealed to him for safety."

Clara clasped her hands.

"He appealed in vain," said Gondo, in a deep voice.

He paused.

Clara sat with a face that expressed the deep horror of her soul.

"The house was not then in flames. Some one cried out for fire, and the torch was applied. I will not tell you who is said to have been the man that called for fire.

"Those who were near, and saw everything, said that he then walked into the house. It was empty. He walked all over it, and they say that he must have found you long before he brought you out."

Clara trembled violently. Each word of Gondo seemed worse than what had gone before. And the frightful story seemed so probable that it forced conviction on her unwilling mind. Gondo's manner was half confidential and half mournful, as though he felt that she ought to to know, and only told her to prevent her from being deceived.

"While he was in there your father was receiving that hideous treatment which I will not name. The crowd by that time had got over their first ferocity, and it is generally deplored that Temple, who has such boundless influence among them, did not come forth and persuade them to let him go, instead of wasting so much valuable time in the house. It is thought now that even the fiercest desire for revenge ought to have been satisfied with the terrors and shame that had been heaped upon your father, and the conflagration of so much valuable property. People will talk, you know—and now their minds have changed. They sympathize deeply with your father, and shudder at this whole abominable business."

Clara leaned her head wearily upon her hand, and still waited for further revelations.

"At length, you know, the fire got down to the lower story, and it wouldn't have been safe to have remained longer. So he brought you out.

"I was on the spot by that time, and saw him. He looked somewhat troubled, and I did not know then why it was.

"What would have become of your father, I cannot tell, but I have no doubt that he would have been put to death had it not been for our glorious friend, General Arnold. That man flung himself in the midst of the crowd, and forced them to deliver up your father. Oh, if he had only been there at the outset. But he came as soon as he heard of it. He claims *all* your gratitude, although if Temple had not carried you out, you would undoubtedly have perished."

"I cannot bear it any longer," moaned Clara; "I am sick—I am faint!"

She rose from her chair. Gondo supported her. But with a perceptible shudder she severed herself from him, and walked from the room.

Gondo stood looking after with a smile of triumph lighting his malevolent features.

"My rival is crushed!" he murmured, fiercely. "She will be mine!"

Then he laughed.

"I think my plot in a small way rivals that of the great Ben himself."

CHAPTER VII.

ULY.

For a fortnight Clara and her father remained in Arnold's house, and partook of his generous hospitality. The general was often out of town, so that their entertainment devolved chiefly upon his wife. Temple did not visit Clara, for he dreaded to subject himself to further insults. Yet he found out daily about her health, and often watched the house from a distance, to see if Clara would come out. But she never made her appearance.

Bitter thoughts then took possession of him. He had saved her life at the risk of his own, and was this the return? Could she not, even in common civility, send him a message of thanks? He was at a loss to account for such ingratitude.

Captain Gondo was a frequent visitor, but he received little encouragement from Clara. She was civil, but not friendly. The supposed baseness of her lover was terrible to think of, but it did not crush her so completely as might be supposed. So outraged were her feelings, and so indignant at this treatment of her father, that anger was stronger than sorrow. Her whole soul rose up in wrath against such an infamous plot as this appeared to her to be.

One evening Captain Gondo was standing near the gateway of the house when a strange being drew near.

It was a woman, with harsh, white hair, bent figure, and face of dark brown hue.

Stopping opposite Gondo, she spoke, looking fixedly at him—

"Glad to see you, brother."

She said this in a drawl peculiar to certain Indian tribes.

Gondo started—and instantly spoke in Huron.

The woman shook her head.

Gondo looked at her closely.

"Sister."

"Yes, brother."

"What tribe?"

"Mic-mac," drawled the woman. "I come all way from Port Royal."

"What do you want here?"

"Get livin'."

"Why do you come to me?"

"Indian help Indian."

"What can you do?"

"Tend on young ladies."

Gondo was silent and lost in thought. Taking another hasty survey of this strange woman, he appeared satisfied, and his eye lightened up.

"What is your name?"

"U-ly."

"Uly?"

"Yes, Uly."

"If I get you a place, you will remember this—that you are my servant?"

"Yes."

"And in my employ?"

"Well."

"I will not want much to be done by you, but that little must be well done."

"Yes."

"And you must be ready to go anywhere?"

"Yes."

Further conversation followed, and at length Gondo told her to meet him on the following day at a place which he named, and he would inform her whether she could obtain a place.

Secretly rejoicing over this happy occurrence, he went to see Mr. Wells. He told him that this woman was an old dependent of his, and begged him to employ her as attendant upon his daughter. Wells assented quite readily, and seemed glad to do anything to oblige his friend.

On the following day the woman came to the house.

As Clara came to see her, she rose up and stood meekly, with her eyes upon the floor. She had no characteristics of the Indian about her at all, except her coarse hair and dark skin. Her manner was very mild and gentle, her voice very musical and low.

Clara had expected to see a rude and halt civilized squaw, but to her surprise she found a gentle and intelligent woman. There was a settled sadness in her face that excited her sympathy, and she was attracted by the woman's ways.

"And your name is Uly?"

"Yes."

"What a strange name."

"It is common with us."

"What tribe do you belong to?"

"The Mic-macs."

"You speak English well."

"I have lived long time in officers' families in Port Royal."

"And why did you leave?"

"Sorrow," said Uly, and as she spoke an expression of agony shot across her face.

"Poor Uly!"

Clara's voice was tender and sympathetic. As she spoke, the woman looked at her with a strange glance that Clara often recalled afterwards. It was an eager, longing look, insatiable, and almost passionate in its quick power.

"Was your sorrow deep?"

"Ah! deeper than the grave."

"Do I grieve you by asking you?"

"Oh, no, kindest lady—words of love are rare. I have lost all."

"Were they children?"

"Husband, and daughter, and son."

"Ah, how mournful!"

"Last of all was my boy, my noble boy—brave, and strong as an angel, but he is gone,"

Uly buried her face in her hands and moaned.

Clara gently laid her hand on her shoulder. She felt strangely moved. There was an attraction about this woman that she could not explain. Could it have been the look that Uly gave her?

Uly soon regained her composure and asked about her duties. She attended Clara constantly, and Clara seemed to love to have her new servant continually near her.

On the day after she had entered service here, Gondo encountered her.

"Uly."

"Well."

"Here."

He handed her a purse.

"Remember, you are mine; my voice must never be neglected."

"No."

"Obey me well, and you shall be fortunate; but if you dare to neglect my commands, you shall repay your disobedience with your life." So saying he left.

A strange expression shone in Uly's eye as she looked after him.

Carefully putting the money away, she went about her duties. Seated behind Clara, she assorted a quantity of needle-work, and every little while looked up at her young mistress with that earnest, eager and passionate expression which marked her when first she saw her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIAD.

The thick shadows of night gathered deeply and heavily around.

In a dense forest about ten miles from Philadelphia, a fire was kindled against an enormous tree.

Three men sat before it, and from time to time threw on brushwood, which blazed furiously upward, giving out much light, but little heat.

Dusky figures of men flitted through the trees at short distances. They were Indians.

"General Arnold," said one of the three, "the Triad has become famous."

"And yet it baffles discovery."

"They can't spare men to hunt it up."

"No great enterprise can be carried through without good instruments," said Arnold. "I am fortunate in having two such able subordinates as you, my dear Wells, with your admirable tact, and you, Gondo, with your warriors."

"I am an Indian," said Gondo. "It is well that I have also the training of a white man. I am equal to the best of you," he cried, half boastfully; "I have gone through college, and have been drilled in the army."

"You are a wonderful man," said Wells, with sincere admiration; for, being somewhat cowardly himself, he wondered at the bravery and strength of his Indian friend.

"Were it not for you, my correspondence would have come to light long ago," said Arnold.

"No, it wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because you would never have dared to undertake it."

"I can dare a great deal," said Arnold, calmly.

"But not this."

"I give you all the praise, Gondo, and I will give you all the reward that your faithfulness deserves. You, too, Wells, have your claims on me."

"To some extent," said Wells, modestly. "The idea of the Triad is mine. I have circulated its renown. It represents our three motives. Mine, I frankly admit, is gold."

"And mine," said Gondo, "is the hand of Clara."

"And mine," cried Arnold, starting to his feet, "is revenge!

"My God!" he cried, "were ever wrongs equal to mine. For years I have fought for them, and made my name illustrious. I have dared the horrors of a march through a howling wilderness; I have passed for them over trackless wastes of snow; I have assailed the mighty outworks of Quebec; I have shed my blood like water, and have received wounds and scars, and have exposed my life a thousand times. But their cursed jealousy has followed me from the very first. All that I have gained I have had to wring from them by force. Time does not weaken their relentless animosity, but their rage against me only intensifies itself every day. Look at me now, reprimanded—if they dared to do it, how gladly they would take my life. And where are the rewards of my glorious services? They will withhold them from me till I perish—may curses rest upon them all!

"I, the proudest of men, am subjected daily to the treatment of a dog. My life is worn out, and I am tormented daily by swarms of contemptible debts. I am overwhelmed by debts. Every vulgar scoundrel that ever sold me, persecutes me with his wretched bill. I am tracked by ceaseless duns; I am visited by magistrates and lawyers; I am waited on incessantly by the sheriff. Good God! is it to be borne? I, who have almost saved the country, am tortured to madness by the basest villains that ever appeared in human form. Ought I not to seek for revenge, since I cannot obtain justice?"

He paused for a moment, but continued, overcome by his vindictive passion.

"I have a right to do as I propose to now. I am a free man. I was an American citizen once, and if I choose to withdraw from my citizenship who can blame me. The United States are now my abhorrence; I will become a subject of King George, as I have a right to do.

"This country is yet the dominion of the King. The Rebels have not gained their independence. If I restore to England what they have taken from her by force, who can blame me? I do right!

"I am now presumed to be a citizen of the United States. I have offices and commands under this government. I determined to quit it for another power. And before I go I have resolved to do my utmost to hand over to my prospective country and friends as much of the United States property as I can. By so doing I will show my attachment to Britain, and my loyalty to King George. If I am going to enter his service it is my duty to begin now and serve him from the moment when first this resolve was taken. I will show my sincere attachment to his throne by putting into his possession whatever I can of the Federal property. And hence have I not a right——"

"You certainly have the power," sneered Gondo.

"My single act will crush out this rebellion. While I was with it, success attended it, and victory followed my glorious battles—when I leave it, ruin shall follow, and the whole herd of persecutors who have so implacably followed me shall be enveloped in one common destruction!

"They will call me traitor, but what of that. The British will hail me as a true man, who is loyal to his King. And after a time I will be honored in this country. Her rebellion is fast ruining her. America is fast going to destruction, she must be eventually conquered. And if I now by one bold act bring the struggle to a close, America will be blessed by my act. Peace will then return, and law, and strong government. The land will have rest, and no name will be more revered than that of *Benedict Arnold.*"

Thus this haughty soul, writhing under his wrongs, and tormented with a burning thirst for vengeance, vaunted his power and sought to lessen the horror of his tremendous treachery.

"But why do you speak so confidently about crushing out this rebellion?" asked Wells.

"I am now in a position to do it."

"How?"

"I have charge of West Point."

"I heard of that."

"I will surrender West Point."

"And is it of such vast importance?"

"It is of vast importance. Listen. It is the design of the French and Americans to combine against the British in New York. At the critical moment when the Americans are drawn down in that direction I will consummate my plan. Washington will be down somewhere in the neighborhood of King's Bridge, and the French will be on Long Island. At this juncture the British will take a flotilla of boats and sail up the Hudson as far as the Highlands. They will then surprise West Point. Understand me—it will be surprised. There will be a resistance—but I do not think that the resistance will be very effective.

"West Point is the key of the Highlands. When once a British force holds that important point the Eastern states will be dissevered from the Western. The favorite plans of Washington will all fall utterly to the ground. He will be ruined in his operations. It will then take but a short time to finish the war."

"And have you communicated your plan to Clinton yet?"

"Gondo takes my letter to him this night."

"When will it be done?"

"Shortly. August begins to-morrow. In a day or so I go to West Point, and when there I will hurry my plans to a rapid conclusion."

"Your plans are wonderful. Oh if you were only commander-in-chief of the Brtish army."

"Were I at the head of affairs I would engage to subdue the entire country in three months. But I never expect to be. The British will undoubtedly give me a command, but some of these empty headed lordlings will be over me to thwart my plans. This blow, however, if it succeeds, will end the struggle."

"And if it fails?" said Wells.

"There's no danger of that."

"The British will no doubt do all that is in their power; but suppose after all that it fails?"

"It will not fail."

"But suppose——"

"It *shall* not fail!" cried Arnold with an oath.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRITISH GENERALS.

The party prepared to retire.

Arnold drew forth a package from his breast and handed it to Gondo. The latter gave a shrill cry.

In a moment the thirty Indian warriors whom we have seen before, assembled round their leader.

At another signal they all started off, Gondo at the head, at a kind of run, in Indian file.

In the dim night they went on with unerring accuracy, guided by Gondo, whose civilized training had weakened not one of his marvellous natural powers. This trail they had often travelled before, and knew it well.

The deep shadows of the night was all around them, but still they went on, and so at day break, and so until the distance was traversed, and they arrived in safety at their destination. They rested but little, and kept on their way with astonishing endurance. The route lay through woods, and often along the public road; but as soon as they arrived within the lines of British power, the warriors retreated into the forest and Gondo entered a house in a lonely place at a distance from the road. Here he put off his war gear and dressed in the common style of an ordinary Indian.

Thus attired he went on his way, and soon reached New York.

He at once sought out the quarters of Clinton and was speedily admitted.

Clinton sat in a large, handsome apartment, talking with his aid-de-camp about some social event of the previous evening, when Gondo entered.

They knew him at once.

"Ah—there is the letter of our friend '*Gustavus*,'" said Clinton. "See what it is, André."

Some time before, Arnold, at the outset of his traitorous course, had, with characteristic boldness, opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. He had written his letters in the phraseology of the commercial world, so that, in case of discovery, their contents might escape suspicion. He signed the name "Gustavus" at the end of them.

André responded to these under the name of John Anderson, and in the same commercial style. Of course they both changed their handwriting.

In these letters he said that he was an American officer, who had been deeply offended at the recent alliance between France and America, and was willing now to return to his allegiance to King George. But in order to have some inducement to make the change, he requested that all the property which he should lose in consequence of this change, should be made up to him again by the British government.

In order to make his services of some value, he sent to Clinton, from time to time, various items of information, which turned out afterwards to be true.

This correspondence had thus been carried on for months, chiefly through the agency of Gondo, in whose hands it was as safe and as sure as it was possible to be. His band was cunning enough to avoid danger, and strong enough to encounter any ordinary bands of enemies. Many were the fights which they had experienced on their expeditions, and many were the unfortunate wretches who had strayed upon them, and perished forever as a sacrifice to the "Triad."

In the course of time, Clinton found out who Gustavus was; but he began to show indifference about winning him over. Arnold was in disgrace, and could not bring with him that important assistance which Clinton desired. This was soon evident to Arnold, who, thereupon, determined to hasten his treason, and obtain a position where that treason could be of value. With this intention he had asked for the command at West Point, and Washington, though somewhat surprised, acceeded to his request.

Such was the position of affairs when Gondo entered Clinton's presence.

André took the letter and opened it. Clinton, who had lost much of his interest in the correspondence, occupied himself with pencilling some lines on a piece of paper that was at his elbow. He was roused by an exclamation from André.

"What is it?"

André nodded at Gondo, who, with a strange smile, departed.

"Read that!" said André to Clinton.

Clinton took the letter. His face underwent a strange variety of changes—astonishment, disgust, exultation, all that could be excited by a daring, a beneficial, yet a diabolically treacherous proposal.

After reading it through once, he turned it over, and read it all through again.

"It is evident," said Clinton, "that Judas Iscariot is going to have a rival."

André was silent.

"This man means what he says," resumed Clinton.

"But West Point! To gain that would be complete success. For the Americans to lose it would be ruin."

"It seems almost too much."

"No; this man is so ambitious that he is determined to strike a blow worthy of his renown."

"This will ruin them."

"Can he mean it?"

"He must mean it. He runs all the risk in making the proposal."

"This cannot be adjusted without a personal interview."

"Certainly not."

"And he dare not, or will not, come here. It would never do."

"No; one of our envoys, in whom we have confidence, must undertake to go to him. It will be a desperate journey however."

"But, before that time, there must be further correspondence."

"Yes," said Clinton, "and then, if all is ready, we will find some one who will go."

"I, for instance, am ready," said André, with a smile.

"You? It will be as much as your life is worth," said Clinton.

"There will be all the more honor to be gained then; honor," repeated André, "it is a strange word to use in connection with this business."

"West Point, and, in fact all the country belongs to the King," said Clinton.

"Oh, as for that, we are bound to get all we can—the more the better; but what can we say of the man who betrays his country, his friends, and all that is most precious to the soul?"

"Say!" cried Clinton; "why nothing at all. Silence is most expressive. The English language has many strong words, but none that can be given to a man like this."

"And yet we must take our part in it."

"Yes."

"It is horrible."

"It is, indeed. But it is our duty. In war we must avail ourselves of traitors."

"And yet in private life a gentleman would be insulted by such a proposition."

"It is a terrible, coming from such a quarter. The shock of his treason will of itself be as bad as the loss of the place."

"It will be a mortal stroke."

"We must hasten it on," said Clinton. "Already I feel Washington's plans hamper me too much. And these cursed French are now here, ready to unite with the Americans. As soon as they combine, we will have to act more cautiously than ever. It is a cursed business altogether," growled Clinton. "There's no chance to fight in this country. These miserable rebels are forever violating every rule of war. They have not a general among them. Then, too, the country is unfit for military purposes. It is only a collection of forests and rivers. What is the use of one of our armies out here. A handful of half-starved militia can fight them behind trees, and actually drive them back. It's infamous!"

Thus the two discussed Arnold's proposal. After a time, Clinton obtained a map, and they examined the whole district most carefully.

Then André wrote his answer, in the name of John Anderson, and Gondo returned with it to Arnold.

CHAPTER X.

THE ESTRANGEMENT.

At the request of Arnold, Wells and Clara departed for West Point. Arnold was now stationed there, and lived at the Robinson House, on the Eastern side, and a few miles below the Point.

As Arnold could not spare Gondo, whom he still required, he requested Temple to accompany the party.

As the young officer was required there himself, he was overjoyed at the idea of having Clara so near him, and hoped that something might take place to reconcile her father.

Still he could not help feeling deeply wounded. The complete neglect of Clara to communicate with him in any way, was to him not only unaccountable, but unpardonable. Although he was too highminded to allude to his heroic rescue, yet he could not help feeling that he had claims on her gratitude.

Clara, on the other hand, was the prey of still more painful feelings. She had not been able to banish from her thoughts the image of the gallant young officer, who but a few days before had so eloquently told his love. His face, his acts, his words—all lived in her memory.

But then, on the other hand, this horrible outrage against her father was not to be endured. Gondo's crafty manner of dealing out his lies to her, had accomplished its work, and the impression lay deep in her heart that, though all might not be true, still Temple was sufficiently guilty to be unworthy of her love.

They met with strange emotions. Temple at the head of a little band of six dragoons, galloped up to the house where Clara and her father were in readiness with Mrs. Arnold and some maids.

Their eyes met—a thousand things were revealed in that one glance. Temple longed to tell her all his feelings, and to ask the cause of her own change; and Clara's heart persuaded her that the noble young fellow could not carry under his frank and manly face so treacherous a heart.

But friends were around, and anything like private conversation between them was impossible.

Wells, also, jealously watched him, and so contrived that during the march there should be no conversation between Temple and his daughter.

In spite of all this, Harry Temple would have been satisfied if he could only have gained one glance from Clara—if she would only have looked up at times to let him see that she took some interest in him. But no—she kept her eyes persistently away. The truth is, she was afraid to look at him.

Still suspicious that he had a hand in the assault on her father, although she excused him in part, yet she still held him in part guilty. And as she loved her father, so she condemned him, whom she believed to have dishonored his gray hairs and destroyed his property.

Harry Temple addressed himself to Mrs. Arnold, partly through gallantry and partly to engage Clara indirectly in the conversation. Yet it was all in vain. Mrs. Arnold was the only one of the party with whom he could talk. Her pensive face, her sweet smile, and her natural vivacity which the journey had now restored to some extent, made this charming lady a genial and fascinating companion, and if Harry Temple could have forgotten the painful and mysterious estrangement between himself and Clara, he would have greatly enjoyed the journey. But his conversation with Mrs. Arnold was not noticed by Clara, who rode on with her father, and took no part in what was going on.

Temple saw this, with a bitter smile; and, at length, leaving Mrs. Arnold to the attentions of Wells, he rode forward, under the pretence of looking out for danger. Alone in the front he communed with his own bitter thoughts.

"She has forgotten common civility," said he to himself, in deep indignation. "She treats me with the most lofty indifference. Indifference? no—it is positive hostility!

"Were she simply indifferent she would join in the conversation; she would smile; she would hear my indirect remarks, and reply, were it only by a look; but she does not even look at me.

"Can she have ever cared for me? And yet she has led me on. She has encouraged me. I have treasured her sunny smiles as gems in my memory. Good Heaven! how deluded I have been.

"Can any one have lied about me to her? No; for where would be the motive? Who would gain anything by slandering me? None but a rival. And I am sure I have no rival. She has evidently turned against me.

"I think I know how it is," he murmured at last. "Her father hates me, and he has forbid her having any words with me whatever. She obeys him, and will not even look at me.

"Was ever such a girl before? But why do I yield to these horrible feelings? If she scorns me—let her scorn and hate! I have other duties."

Clara, on the other hand, was equally disturbed. As she saw the young officer, so manly and fascinating—and heard his sparkling wit, and eloquent description, and generous sentiment, as he talked with Mrs. Arnold—she felt her heart soften. She felt his eyes upon her. She knew every word was addressed to her. She was afraid to raise her eyes, lest she should betray herself. So she rode forward with her father, but still drank in every word that came from him.

At last he went forward, and she could only see him at times, as he rode out from the line of dragoons. But her sad eyes were fixed upon his plume. She said to herself:

"He has taken a treacherous revenge; he is base; he has ruined my father; he rescued me by a trick!" But to all this her heart responded: "False! He is as true as the light of day!"

"And what if he is innocent?" she thought. "What, if all this is a lie? What, if he really did save me from death? and he is brave enough to do it! What then?"

But this thought was too much. To think that he had actually saved her, in very deed, and that she had never given one look of thanks—this was frightful.

So she kept thinking over what Gondo had told her, and recalled his behavior to her father, and her father's bitter insults and mockery. Thus she endeavored to fortify her belief in his baseness; but her heart was in her eyes, and her eyes were fixed upon that white plume, which floated over what she felt was the noblest youth in all the land.

But Harry Temple came back no more. He rode resolutely in the front, and tried hard to keep his thoughts fixed upon some problems in the art of fortification.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BHEELS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

There is found in the wild and mountainous tracts, which separate the districts of Malwa from Nemaur and Guzerat, in Central India, a tribe which in their habits, usages and religion, are unlike all other natives of the country. These people are called *Bheels*, and were unquestionably the original inhabitants of the province of Ajmeer, and were driven to their mountain fastnesses, and to the desperate and miserable ways of life they have so long followed, by the invasion of those tribes, wherever they may have come from, who professed the religion of Brahma.

Indians and savages, however, as they were, the British officers thought them on the whole a much better class than their conquerors. Their word is said to be more to be depended on, while they are of a more generous and cheerful character. It is also said that they treat their females with far more consideration than their neighbors of the plains; and although they shed blood recklessly in their quarrels, or in the regular way of a robbing foray, they are not remarkable for vindictiveness; but under ordinary circumstances are not disinclined to hospitality, as has been proven by British officers who have gone hunting among their hills without escort or guide, save what these poor savages themselves volunteered for small remunerations.

In an ancient Sanscrit vocabulary, the Bheels are described as a race of barbarians, subsisting on plunder, and occupying an extensive tract of country. At all times formidable, they became the general terror of Central India, under Nadir Sing. This cruel chief was accused of having committed a murder, or rather causing it to be committed by some of his people. The English under Sir John Malcomb, being in possession of the country, the chief was arrested and tried for the crime. This trial is so characteristic of the Bheel race, that I will give a portion of it.

During the examination, which was before Sir John, some female prisoners were brought forward. It appeared that the father and husband of one of these prisoners—a girl of some fourteen years of age, had been instruments in committing the murder of which Nadir was accused. She was asked if they put the deceased to death.

"Certainly they did," was her firm reply; "but they acted by our *Dhunnee's* (or lord's) order."

"That may be true," it was remarked; "but it does not clear them; for it was not done in an affray, but was a deed perpetrated in cold blood."

"Still," persisted the girl, "they had the chief's order."

Sir John shook his head, implying that it would not be received in justification.

The child, for she was hardly more, rose from the ground where she had been sitting, and pointing to two sentries, who guarded them, and were standing at the door of the room, exclaimed, with all the animation of strong feeling:

"There are your soldiers; you are their Dhunne; your words are their laws; if you order them this moment, to advance, and put me, my mother, and cousin, who are now before you, to death, would they hesitate in slaying three female Bheels? And if we are innocent, would *you* be guilty of our blood, or these faithful men?"

After this observation, she reseated herself, saying:

"My father and husband are Nadir's soldiers."

So struck was the British general by this forcible and ingenious answer of the young woman, that he released the instruments of the murder, and their female relatives, and visited the penalty of the crime on the person only of the chief, who was banished, and his son, educated at the British headquarters, succeeded to his authority.

Like our American Indians, the Bheels are said to be very expert at the bow and arrow, and have a curious way of shooting from the long grass, where they lay concealed, by using their weapon with the feet. They not only use it against their enemies, and quadrupeds and birds, but are very ingenious in their manner of fishing with the bow, which is very strong and elastic. The arrows are of bamboo, with iron heads, and those intended for striking fish, have the head attached to a line, and so contrived, that as soon as it strikes the game, it slips off from the shaft—which floating serves to show the position of the fish, while the hunter with the line wearies it, till the proper time to draw it from the water.

These savages are desperate robbers, it being part of their religion to plunder every traveller who ventures within their province without first procuring an escort of their own people, when he is as safe as if travelling through the most civilized community. And these thieves, when trusted by Europeans, proved to be the most trustworthy of men, and of all sentries the most wakeful and indefatigable. They and the Kholees, a race almost equally wild, are uniformly preferred in Guzerat for the service of the police, and as watchmen to private residences and gardens.

When Sir John Malcomb was in command of that district, pleased with the many really noble characteristics he had discovered in the Bheels, he conceived the philanthropic idea of raising them from their degraded condition. With this view, his first step was to raise a small corps, commanded by their own chiefs. "Before," said he, "these robbers had been in the service one month, I placed them as a guard over treasure, which had a surprising effect, both of elevating them in their own opinion, and in that of other parts of the community."

But this judicious reformer did not stop here in his good work, for he took as his personal attendants some of the most notorious of the plundering chiefs, and the good effects of this generous confidence more than answered the general's expectations; and by thus inspiring confidence, he exalted bold and courageous men into honest and faithful followers.

It should be added, to the honor of this ancient robber race, that women have ever occupied a prominent position among them, and their influence had much to do in seconding the generous endeavors of the English in their work of reformation.

Many anecdotes relative to the Bheels, previous to the efforts of the English to improve their moral condition, are related, among others the following:

"An English officer, a Captain B——, had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel while engaged in his vocation of robbery, been marked out for vengeance. In consequence of this he had a sentry at his house. But from the neighboring bank of the river they had worked a subterranean passage for a great distance, large enough for one man to crawl along, who had begun to perforate the floor of his bed-chamber when he was discovered.

"We had at the city where this took place nearly two thousand troops, yet it was necessary for the officer's safety to remove him to Bombay.

"A Parsee messman, who had refused to pay the usual tribute to the Bheels, was found dead in the morning in the mess-room. It was his custom to put his mat on a large wine-chest, where he slept. In the morning he was found with his head placed on the mess-table, the headless body lying on the chest."

An encampment of English, surrounded by two hundred sentries, was robbed by this people.

"When the morning broke it was discovered that every officer had been robbed, save one who chanced to have in his quarters a *shaut*, or priest, and a Bheel sentinel. Nor did the poor *siphaurees* (native soldiers) escape, for when they gave the alarm of '*Choor! Choor!*' (thief, thief,) they were sure to get a blow or wound in the leg, or thigh, from a Bheel lying on the ground, or moving about on all fours, wrapped in a bullock's hide, or a sheepskin, or carrying a bush before him, so that the sentinels were deceived; and if they fired, they were as likely to hit some of the women and children, or the followers, or the officers, as the Bheel himself; and had they used their fire-arms, the robber in the darkness and in the populous camp had every advantage, his weapon making no noise, and his companions being ready to shoot the *siphauree* through the heart with their arrows.

"Most of the officers were up during the night, but their presence was useless. Lieutenant B—— did lay hands on a Bheel, but he literally slipped through his fingers, being naked, his body oiled all over, and his head shaved; and on giving the alarm, one or two arrows were seen to have gone through the canvas of his tent. Were it possible to retain a hold of one of these thieving rascals, your motions must be as quick as lightning, for they carry the blade of a knife, which is fastened round the neck by a string, and with which, if they find themselves in a dilemma, they will rip out the bowels of the person holding them."

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

[To enable new readers to understand this story, we give a synopsis of what has been already published. The hero, Harold Mansell, is the orphan son of a country clergyman, (just deceased at Lowelstree,) who is left to the guardianship of his wealthy uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell, a rich banker in London. Harold's cousin, Harry Imray, the son of the clergyman's deceased sister, who is also an orphan, and has been brought up by Harold's father, is an object of intense aversion to Sir Jasper, who attempted to send him to sea with a ruffianly captain, named Riddle, from whose clutches Harold, and a country friend named Tom Mayfield, rescued him. Captain Riddle, however, in order to get his two hundred guineas reward from Sir Jasper, told him he had Harry safe on board his vessel, and the heartless uncle is left to rejoice over the cruel fate to which he supposes he has consigned his nephew. Harold then goes to London and enters his uncle's office, is introduced to Lady Mansell, her son Augustus, and her eldest daughter, Georgiana, whom he does not like, and to her youngest daughter, Jane, whom he does like. He also makes the acquaintance of Zachariah Imray, his cousin Harry's uncle, who is eccentric, and immensely rich, and therefore toadied to by all the members of the family, whom he understands and despises. Harold does not toady to him, but quite the reverse, and by that means inspires the old man with respect. In Sir Jasper's office he also sees a mysterious old man named Chambers, who is evidently to play an important part in unlocking some secret connected with Harry Imray and Sir Jasper's hatred of him. Meanwhile, Harold has to dispose of poor Harry in some way, who has been brought to London by Tom Mayfield and his father, (who in the story is called farmer Mayfield,) who are all stopping with an old acquaintance of the farmer's, named Mrs. Haycock. Harry has great artistic genius and wants to become a painter, and so it is determined. Mrs. Haycock recommends lodgings for him at Mrs. Page's, an acquaintance of hers, where they secure a good room, and under the name of Harry Islip the orphan boy takes possession. Harold's father had left him about £500, in the hands of farmer Mayfield, and this money he resolves to devote to Harry's use. Among Mrs. Page's lodgers are Signor Muzetti, a dealer in pictures, and his daughter Bianca, a most lovely and accomplished girl; a Mr. Arnold, a man about fifty years of age, who pays promptly, and is surrounded with a halo of impenetrable secresy, and a young lady belonging to the ballet named Clara Cleret, and her dwarfed and invalid brother Telbin. Mrs. Page said that Clara was an angel, if she did belong to the ballet, and Harold Mansell thought the landlady was right. She had to support herself and brother (they were orphans) on her precarious earnings. Poor Telbin was ill. Harry tried to be useful to him, and finally succeeded in winning his confidence, after which he read to and otherwise amused him. Mrs. Page having resolved that Clara and Telbin should have a visit to the country, called on her miserly landlord, Mr. Parfit, who, having had the guardianship of the orphans years before, apprenticed Clara to the ballet business, and by working on certain suspicions she entertained concerning the children and his connection with them, extorted from him £20, to pay for their trip to the country. In return for this, Parfit resolved to break Mrs. Page's lease of her domicile, and for that purpose sent a copy of it to his attorneys, Slime and Shears, requesting them *to find a flaw in it*, which they wrote him they could do if he wished it. In the meanwhile, farmer Mayfield, who had called upon the member of Parliament from his county, suddenly announced, to Tom's great delight, that he should stay a week longer in London, writes a long letter to his wife, is absorbed in overhauling, with Mrs. Haycock, a huge pile of accounts and memorandums, and is otherwise going on in a manner that to Tom and Harold is altogether mysterious and not a little exciting—which brings us down to the commencement of the following chapter.]

CHAPTER IX.

Fools into the notion fall,
That vice and virtue there is none at all;
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain,
'Tis to *mistake* them costs the time and pain. POPE.

"Thee must be home by seven o'clock, Tom," said Farmer Mayfield to his son, one morning as they were seated at breakfast.

"Certainly, father, if you wish it," replied the young man.

"I do wish it, and thee must not disappoint me."

Harold and Tom looked rather annoyed at the old gentleman's request. They had promised to spend the evening in Princess street with Harry, Clara Cleret, and Bianca, the painter's daughter. The latter—long before the introduction of the danseuse and her brothers to our readers, had won their friendship by such little acts of kindness as were within her power; with the exception of her parent, she was quite as much alone in the world as they were, for the Italian made no acquaintances; and the picture-shop once closed, she was perfectly mistress of her time.

In childhood, her only companions had been toys, which she speedily discarded for books; with these the signor—close as he was in other respects—kept her well supplied.

Regarding Telbin as a mere child, Bianca Muzetta had been accustomed to pass the long evenings with him, whilst Clara was engaged at the theatre. She had taught him to read both Italian and French, little imagining the subtle poison she was pouring into the heart of the poor dwarf.

Sometimes Bianca would pass her long, delicate fingers through his dark, curling hair—throw back the curls to expose the forehead, and bid his sister admire his eyes, which she compared with those of the wondrous cherubs at the feet of Raphael's Madonna del Sesto—kiss them in her artistic enthusiasm, and tell him not to be vain.

Since Harry had introduced his cousin and Tom into their little circle, the fair Italian became thoughtful and reserved.

"Thee wor a-goin' somewhere?" observed the farmer.

"Only to pass an hour or two with Harry," said his son.

"Thee canst see him to-morrow, lad."

"Certainly, father. Do you wish me to remain with you now?"

"No," replied the old man witn a smile; "I sha'n't want thee afore seven."

As Tom and Harold walked towards the bank, they indulged in various speculations on the mysterious conduct of Mr. Mayfield—his voluntarily prolonging his residence in London for a week—his long closetings with the Haycocks.

"Can't make it out," said the former. "The old gentleman, God bless him! has got some surprise for me in his head. He and mother were just the same when they bought Jesse."

Jesse was the name of the thoroughbred mare his father had given a hundred pounds for, and presented him with, the day he came of age.

"Perhaps he has bought the farm," observed our hero.

"I hope not," exclaimed his friend, earnestly. "I shall never be happy in the country again. My ideas have quite changed since my visit to London."

"Or to Princess street?" inquired our hero, laughingly.

Tom made no reply, but colored to the very temples.

On his arrival in Lombard street Harold proceeded at once to his uncle's room, and began arranging the letters. Those which were marked private he placed apart; the others he opened, and made brief abstracts from them. Whilst thus engaged, a dark shadow fell upon the desk; he looked up, and saw Mark Chambers peering at him through the window. Deeming it simple curiosity, our hero nodded to him good-humoredly, and resumed his occupation.

There was a tap at the window.

"What can he want?" thought Harold.

It was repeated, and the old man made signs to him to open it.

"Do you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you Sir Jasper's nephew?"

"Do you not know I am?"

"I do now," replied Mark Chambers, looking him hard in the face, "because you tell me so. You are not accustomed yet to lie."

"And never shall be, I trust," exclaimed Harold, greatly puzzled at the singular conduct of the old porter, and his still more singular conversation.

"It will come in time."

"Never," said our hero, emphatically; "never."

The reply to this assertion was a half-smothered laugh. There was something so unpleasant in the sound, that the speaker felt greatly inclined to close the window.

"Not yet," muttered the strange being, placing his hand upon the sill. "Have patience with me; I am not often loquacious. You are the son of Edward Mansell?"

"I am."

"And like your father?"

"I fear I shall never be half so good a man as my dear father," replied Harold, his eyes filling with tears at the recollection of his recent loss.

"Yes, he was a good man—a very good man," said Mark Chambers, "but he wanted energy—a sad defect in those who have to battle against the cunning ones of the world."

"But my father had no such battle to fight," exclaimed his hearer, greatly astonished.

"Perhaps not—perhaps he was deceived—perhaps declined it. It is for you, then, that the workmen are painting and preparing the rooms above."

As the old porter said this, there was something almost threatening in the glance with which he regarded Harold.

"Not that I am aware of."

"Sir Jasper has not told you of his intention yet?"

"No," replied our hero. "Nor have I any reason to suppose that he has any such intention."

"*I have*," answered Mark Chambers, in a tone that startled the young man. "You may shut the window; I have said all that I have to say."

With these words the speaker walked slowly back to his seat in the little paved yard, and remained with his eyes fixed dreamily upon the solitary leafless tree in the centre of it.

Harold recollected the conversation of the clerk who conducted him over the bank the first day of his arrival in Lombard street, and the earnest entreaty of the young man that he would not repeat it, and, after due reflection, resolved to inform his uncle of the singular conduct of the old porter.

"If I do not," he thought, "some one else will."

Although only a few days in the establishment, he had perfectly satisfied himself that a system of espionage prevailed amongst the clerks, and that, from the highest to the lowest, each one acted as a spy upon the other.

When Sir Jasper made his appearance in the private office, there was a lowering frown upon his brow, and he answered his nephew briefly and drily. At first, the young man felt at a loss to account for the change; a few minutes, however, explained the cause.

"Have you made an abstract of the letters?" inquired the banker.

"Of nearly all, sir."

"Nearly all!" repeated the baronet, regarding the timepiece over the chimney, a tacit insinuation that he had had ample time.

"I have been interrupted," said Harold.

"Indeed! By whom?"

"That singular old man," replied his nephew, pointing to Mark Chambers, "who came and tapped at my window. Is he in his right senses?" he added.

"Scarcely," answered Sir Jasper.

"He has been asking me such curious questions—whether I was really your nephew, and if you intended that I should inhabit the rooms you had directed to be arranged in the upper part of the house. He spoke also of my dear father."

"And of me?" interrupted the banker.

"Nothing more than I have told you, sir."

"The meddling old fool!" exclaimed Sir Jasper, from whose brow the frown, on hearing the candid statement of his nephew, had gradually disappeared. "I am pleased with your frankness," he added. "It would have grieved me to have heard this from any other source."

As his nephew suspected, he had already heard it.

"I almost debated with myself whether I should tell you or not," said Harold.

"Why so?"

"I thought you might think it trivial—unimportant."

"As a mere conversation—yes, it is unimportant," observed the baronet. "As a proof of your straightforwardness, it gratifies me. In one thing Mark was right. I do intend the rooms, the upholsterers are arranging, for you."

"For me, uncle!" repeated our hero with surprise.

"Yes," said the banker; "I cannot offer you a home with me, much as I should wish it; my girls—you understand—the world is so apt to talk, surmise and arrange. Lady Mansell regrets the impossibility of such an arrangement quite as much as I do."

In the last assertion the speaker was at least sincere. If his nephew but partially understood the reasons he assigned, he felt grateful for them. A home in Portland place was about the last thing he would have desired.

One of the letters marked "private" appeared to annoy his uncle seriously. He read it again and again, each time apparently with increased dissatisfaction; and an exclamation, which sounded very like "extravagant idiot!" escaped him.

Sir Jasper answered that letter himself.

"Have you ever called upon your cousin Augustus?" he demanded, as he sealed it.

"The captain has never asked me to do so," answered our hero, "and I have no desire to intrude."

"Intrude!" repeated the man of money; "there ought to be no such word between such near relatives. This is about the hour," he added, looking at his watch, "that you will be certain to find him in his chambers—86, in the Albany. I wish you to take this letter to him."

Much as he disliked the visit, Harold offered no objection. It was business, and he was his uncle's clerk. "You need not hurry back," said Sir Jasper. "Hynes can attend to the unfinished abstracts. You had better take a coach, the streets are dirty."

It was nearly one o'clock when the hackney carriage drew up at the entrance of the Albany, where Captain Mansell for several years had occupied one of the most expensive sets of chambers. The officer of the Guards, the godson of a royal duke, maintained a separate establishment. He had a perfect horror of all city connections, and never held any communication with the firm in Lombard street, unless he wanted money—a necessity which occurred pretty frequently, judging from the extravagant life he led.

"Fathers and uncles," he used to say, when speaking of Sir Jasper and Zachariah Imray to his fashionable friends, "are bankers, provided by nature for sons and nephews; and, when they bleed freely, only respond to their duties as they ought to do."

The retired drysalter was of a different opinion. To his grand-nephew's applications for money, old Zac, as Augustus called him, had one laconic stereotyped reply:

"No!"

He never gave him any other.

Several of his brother officers were breakfasting with the spendthrift. The conversation was on Carlton House, then in the zenith of its evil reputation, the opera, women, horses, and the gaming table; and the wine had circulated pretty freely, when the groom announced Mr. Harold Mansell. The fellow was new in his master's service, and, seeing the family name upon the card, concluded, as a matter of course, that the captain was at home to the visitor who presented it.

A man of less tact would have betrayed the annoyance he felt; Augustus, on the contrary, whilst secretly wishing his cousin anywhere between Temple-bar and Mesopotamia, received him with well-acted cordiality, reproached him with having so long delayed visiting him, and presented him to his guests.

"Is Mr. Mansell in the army?" inquired the Honorable Major Spooner, struck by the aristocratic features and quiet, gentlemanly bearing of our hero.

"No," answered the latter, "I am merely——"

"A country gentleman," said the captain, finishing the sentence for him, for his pride revolted at the idea of introducing so near a relative, one who bore the same name, too, as a simple clerk.

Harold perfectly understood his cousin's tactics, and added, a little maliciously, perhaps, that he was also a landless one.

"Ah! not of age yet, 'spose," lisped Lieutenant Cavendish, "like myself. Infernal bore, isn't it? Can't see the use of guardians."

Augustus smiled, so as to confirm the supposition, and adroitly changed the subject.

"By-the-by, Mansell, how goes on your affair with Clara? Is the pretty ballet-girl as wild and difficult to catch as ever?" inquired the major.

Our hero colored to the temple, thinking the question addressed to himself, and was about to stammer forth a reply, when, to his astonishment, his cousin answered it.

"This time, I think, I shall catch the little syren," he said. "My plans are too well laid to fail."

"Let us have them," exclaimed the officers.

"Not a word, then."

"Honor!" replied his guests, with the exception of Harold.

"Saubin, the excellent, obliging old creature, has promised to take her down to Brighton, under pretence of an engagement. The theatre will not open for two months. Brighton, as we well know, is a dear place; her means will soon be exhausted, and——"

"The assistance of a genuine friend accepted," added the major. "Not a bad plan of campaign. What do you think of it?"

"I pronounce it dishonorable and cowardly," replied our hero, firmly. "My cousin must be jesting; he cannot seriously contemplate an action so vile—so utterly heartless. He has a mother, sisters, and the recollection——"

A laugh, in which amusement, scorn and derision were mingled, cut short the indignant words of the speaker. Instead of appearing confounded at the reproof, Augustus evidently enjoyed it, as something deliciously green and original.

"I told you, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "that Mr. Harold Mansell was from the country."

"Unnecessary to wepeat it," lisped Cavendish; "we perceive it. There is somephing quite refweshing in his simplicity—quite, quite——"

"Bucolic," added the major, who, having been educated at Eton, supplied his brother officer with the word.

"Ah! yes, bucolic; thank you, Spooner, quite wite not to enter the armay; we don't patwonise such ideaws."

"I can believe that ideas are about the last things patronised in the army," observed Harold, with a smile. "Sir Jasper charged me with this letter for you, Augustus. Good morning! I will no longer intrude upon your time and the society of your friends."

"My dear fellow," said his cousin, in a tone whose coldness contrasted purposely with the cordiality of his words, "don't think of leaving us."

"No, pway don't!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "you are quite amusing."

"Neither Augustus nor his guests can lack amusement whilst you are present, Mr. Cavendish," replied our hero, pointedly.

"Aw!"

"They have too keen an appreciation of your merits."

"Aw!"

"Good morning, Mr. Cavendish!"

"Good morning, Mr. Mansell!"

A vague suspicion floated across the feeble brain of the lieutenant that the gentleman from the country had said something that made him appear ridiculous; but, as his "ideaws" were not very clear upon the subject, and his brother officers said nothing to enlighten him, he came to the conclusion that he was not called upon to take any further notice of it.

"Will you excuse me?" said Augustus, breaking the seal of the letter.

"Pass the claret first, and drink to the pretty Clara."

Whilst the wine was circulating, their host read the reply of his father to the application he had made for the advance of his quarter's allowance.

It ran thus:

"DEAR AUGUSTUS,—There must be a limit even to my weakness and liberality. I have already paid your debts six several times, and advanced you eight thousand pounds."

"How methodical he is!" muttered the captain.

"You tell me you are involved again. I see but one way of extricating yourself honorably—a wealthy marriage."

On coming to the word "marriage" the reader made a terrible grimace.

"The daughter of my old friend Hamper and Co." (a line had been drawn through the words "and Co.") "will have three hundred thousand pounds. You have only to present yourself. She is not beautiful, but very amiable.

Your affectionate father, JASPER MANSELL."

"Never!" muttered Augustus, as he crumpled the letter and threw it under the grate.

"Old story, I suppose!" observed Major Spooner.

"Yes."

"I'll bet fifty I know how it commences."

"Done!"

"'My dear sir;' *style de rigeur* of an offended parent."

"Lost!" exclaimed the captain. "It begins, 'Dear Augustus.'"

"Augustus or Sir, the same thing," said the major. "'I have already paid your debts—let me see—four times,'——"

"Six," exclaimed his host, picking up the letter."

"Twice, then, before you entered the Guards!"

"Just so."

"You are precocious," observed his friend, drily, at the same time handing him the amount of his loss; "but there are no boys now."

"None," ejaculated Cavendish; "went out with the wegency."

"I wrote to my respected author," continued the captain, as he pocketed the notes, "for an advance—only a paltry thousand—and he replies by recommending marriage."

"Pah!"

"*With how much?*" demanded the guests.

"Oh, the sum is respectable enough," answered the *roué*, laughingly. "Three hundred thousand pounds, and expectations."

"I'll take her," observed one of the officers, "without the expectations. Can't you introduce me, Augustus? I wish I had such a reasonable father."

"Reasonable!" repeated the latter; "he refuses to advance me a penny."

"Just like my guardians—the wretches," ejaculated the cornet.

"What do you intend to do?—accept?"

"Never!"

"But you must have money," observed one of his friends. "A fellow without money is apt to make himself ridiculous."

"Vewy! vewy!"

"I shall have no great difficulty in obtaining a supply," answered the captain, rather vaingloriously. "The signature of the only son of Sir Jasper Mansell may not be worth much upon 'Change; but the Jews have faith in it. I wish they had as much conscience as faith," he added.

"You have not drank the toast yet," observed the major.

"What toast?"

"'To the pretty Clara.'"

"Were it a mile to the bottom of the glass, I would do honor to it!" exclaimed their host, recklessly. "Come, gentlemen, fill a bumper to my next success—'the pretty Clara Cleret!'"

The wine was drained. It remains to be seen whether the *roué* will accomplish the boast, of adding to the list of his victims the name of the poor ballet-girl.

CHAPTER X.

The Town! what is there in the town to lure
Our household dreams away from the fresh flowers?
PROCTOR

When Harold quitted his cousin's chambers in the Albany, he could not account to himself for the nervous impatience with which he directed his steps towards Princess street. The feeling that prompted him was something stronger than that honest indignation which arises in every generous mind where defenceless innocence is marked as a victim by licentious passion—and yet it was not love—love as the world understands the word, but rather a brotherly interest mingled with compassion. He would have answered with the same generous warmth had the name of Clara been as strange as it had lately become familiar to his ears; for, as yet, his words and nature were equally truthful.

What the heart of our hero thought his lips uttered.

"I must not pain her," he murmured, "by letting her know how her name has been bandied in my presence, and call the blush to her pure cheek by repeating the insolent projects of my unworthy relative. Yet, how to put her upon her guard without doing so, I know not."

"Mrs. Page," he mentally ejaculated, as he reached the house. "Yes, she will be the fitting person."

"This way, if you please, sir," exclaimed the maid of all work; "Mr. Islip, Clara, and Tilly are in the drawing-room."

"I wish to speak with your mistress first," replied our hero.

"Please, sir, she is with them."

"Are there visitors?"

Hannah nodded in the affirmative.

"Who?"

The maid of all work raised her hand to her head, and passed her red fingers through the masses of tangled hair that escaped from beneath her cap.

"Well, I think she aint no good," answered the girl. "I have seen more nor I like on her when a-fetching Miss Clara from the *theyater*—allays a-talking with the soldier-officers, and calling her poopils to talk to um. I knows," she added, significantly; "I knows."

"Madame Saubin!" exclaimed Harold.

"That be her."

"Hannah," said our hero, "call your mistress from the room; say that a gentleman wishes to speak with her."

"Yes."

"But do not name me."

The maid of all work gave him a knowing look to intimate that she understood him, and disappeared.

It is not necessary to relate the conversation which passed between Harold Mansell and Mrs. Page, enough to state, that when the latter returned to the drawing-room she was perfectly aware of the danger that menaced her lodger.

"What are you about to do, Clara?" demanded the good woman, hastily.

"To sign an engagement Madame Saubin has been good enough to procure me."

"*Affair magnifique,*" exclaimed the Frenchwoman.

"A guinea and a half a week," added the *danseuse.*

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Page, firmly, at the same time taking the pen from her hand. "I know that the theatre at Brighton will not open for six weeks at least."

Madame Saubin colored through her rouge.

"Besides, I don't approve of your going there."

Clara regarded her with astonishment, and reminded her in a whisper that she already owed her upwards of seven pounds for rent.

"Never mind if it's ten."

"But it will enable me to take Telbin into the country. You know how strongly the doctor recommended change of air."

"Telbin shall go as soon as he is fit to be removed just the same," answered her landlady. "In a word, if you accept the engagement that vile woman would deceive you with, you never set foot in my house again."

"Madame! am I hear right?" exclaimed the ballet mistress.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Page, with the most provoking coolness.

"'Vile woman!!' Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! my reputations is known."

"Very well known indeed," observed the mistress of the house, ironically, "especially by Captain Mansell and myself."

"Clara," faltered the Frenchwoman, half mad with rage, "I am done with you. You will not dance at His Majesty's theatre encore."

"Oh, madame!"

"Listen to that old fool—meet her ridicule, suspicions!"

There is a limit to the patience and politeness of every woman. At this insult Mrs. Page quickly found herself at the end of hers.

"Old!" repeated Mrs. Page. "Well, I am getting old, but I am neither painted, nor do I wear false hair, and my teeth are my own—advantages you cannot boast of. I am an honest woman—that is another. Captain Mansell, with all his money, could not bribe me to assist him in his wickedness. This is my house, madam—my own leasehold—you had better not call here again. I don't approve of a character like you being seen at my door—I wish to keep it respectable."

"*Quelle vilaine femme!*" shouted the ballet mistress, rising to depart.

"Abuse me in French as much as you please," said Clara's landlady, greatly relieved, as what woman is not? after speaking her mind; "I have said what I have to say in plain English. Hannah," she added, opening the drawing-room door and calling to the maid-of-all-work from the top of the stairs, "show this Frenchwoman out, and mind you never let her in again."

Madame Saubin dropped her veil, and bounced out of the room without condescending to cast a look either upon the speaker or her former pupil.

"Oh, Mrs. Page," exclaimed Clara, "what does this mean? You have prevented my taking an engagement, which would have enabled me to pay my debt to you."

"Hang the debt!" ejaculated her landlady, kindly.

"And have taken poor Telbin from London."

"I told you he should leave as soon as he was well enough," replied the right-hearted woman. "I have seen Mr. Parfit: he has given me twenty pounds for you."

"Bless him," exclaimed the *danseuse*, "for his generosity! Bless him, and you, too," she added.

"There is no great harm in your blessing him," observed her friend, "even if he does not deserve it. It proves gratitude."

"But Madame Saubin? I shall never procure an engagement in London again. You have no idea of her influence."

"I know her better than you do, my poor girl."

Clara Cleret regarded her with surprise.

"And that you may be upon your guard against her, and fall—if you fall with your eyes open, you shall know her, too," said Mrs. Page. "The engagement was all a pretence—a snare to get you down to Brighton. The theatre won't open for six weeks or two months. She had agreed to place you in the hands of Captain Mansell."

The features of Clara Cleret flushed with the pure blush of shame, then became deadly pale, as she thought of the danger she had escaped. Throwing her arms around the neck of her landlady, she kissed her, thanked her, and wept like a child upon her breast.

As we observed, when we first introduced the mistress of the lodging-house in Princess street to our readers, that she had an excellent heart, although it might be somewhat difficult to find the approaches to it. The poor orphan girl had at last found the way to reach it, and Mrs. Page, albeit unused to the melting mood, began to cry with her.

"There, Clara, that will do," she sobbed. "I understand you. Dear me! what a fool I am making of myself! I should like to see the captain that will take you from under my roof."

"How did you hear of my danger?" asked the *danseuse*, partially recovering from her agitation.

"A secret, my love."

"From me?"

"From every one—gave my word not to tell you," said Mrs. Page.

"What a wretched mood of life is mine!" sighed her lodger—"exposed to the insults of the licentious, the sneers of the unfeeling, the suspicions of the good."

"I thought you liked being a dancer," observed the landlady.

"I detest it."

"And would leave it?"

"Willingly. Oh, how willingly!"

Mrs. Page changed the conversation. Like a prudent woman, she did not think fit to commit herself; but she did not forget it, and resolved to find some means, if possible, to withdraw Clara from a profession she disliked, and which, unfortunately, presented too many dangers for a motherless girl endowed with the fatal gift of beauty.

That same evening the *danseuse* wrote a simple, touching letter to Mr. Parfit, to thank him for his generosity, and asking when she might call, without inconveniencing him, to express her gratitude personally.

The old money-lender smiled grimly when he read it, and tossed it aside with an air of impatience.

For several days it remained unanswered.

By this time it was seven o'clock, the hour Farmer Mayfield informed his son Tom that he should require his company.

"Put on thee last new coat, Tom," said his father, as they were about to start from Islington. "I be a-goin' to take thee to zee a lady."

His son would have been far less astonished had his parent announced his intention of taking him to see an elephant.

"A lady, father?"

"Didn't I speak plainly, lad?"

"Do I know her?"

"I think thee hast seen her," answered the old man, with a sly chuckle.

"Is she young?"

"I think her so."

"And pretty?"

"In my eyes; but thee wilt say, 'I be no great judge,' I suppose, and now don't 'ee be curious, Tom, I ha' told thee all I intend to tell thee, till thee hast seen her."

"Cousin Haycock expects company," observed the young man as they quitted the house, "there's a fire in the best parlor, and most hospitable preparations going on in the kitchen."

"It won't do, Tom," exclaimed Farmer Mayfield, with a hearty laugh, "I be too old to be caught that way; get into the coach," he added.

"Where to?" demanded his son, when they were seated.

"The driver do know, that be enough."

Never had Tom felt more puzzled, nor were his ideas much clearer on the subject when the vehicle drove into the yard of the Bull and Mouth, then one of the greatest coaching houses in England.

"Shall I pay the man?" he asked.

"No, he mun take us home again, I reckon."

In a few minutes the Lincoln Express drove into the yard. The speaker hastened to the coach-door and handed out a female, so enveloped in shawls and cloaks, to say nothing of a calash, that Tom, at first, failed to recognize his mother. Even when he heard her voice and saw her features he thought himself the victim of some delusion. His mother in London! He could not have been much more astonished had he seen the Monument or St. Paul's at Lowelstree.

Mrs. Mayfield received her husband rather drily. There was something in her countenance which, if it did not actually portend a storm, denoted that the conjugal atmosphere was not quite so clear as it might have been. But there was no mistaking the affectionate pride with which she kissed her son. Never had she seen him look so handsome.

"Mother! dear mother; this is a surprise!"

"Thee father did not tell thee, then?"

Not knowing exactly what to reply, Tom kissed her again.

"Aye," said the old lady, "he may well be ashamed of his folly. But we don't talk of that now; do 'ee look after the things."

This was addressed to the farmer, who began dutifully to busy himself by seeing the luggage transferred from the Express to the hackney-coach.

All things considered, Mrs. Mayfield had been rather moderate in her amount of baggage. One large trunk, two small ones; the fourth, a box for her caps; a jar of butter—she had no faith in London butter—a linen bag, with three home-baked loaves in it; and a basket of fresh-laid eggs.

She would have added a gallon or so of new milk, but for a delicate consideration.

Cousin Haycock, at whose house she was to stay, kept a dairy.

Having counted her packages three times, and seen her husband and son into the coach, Mrs. Mayfield took her seat beside them.

"And this be Lunnon!" she exclaimed, as the vehicle jolted over the stones. "Umph! I do wonder what thee father and thee can see in it. It be like heathen a soot," she added.

"You will find the air much purer at Islington," observed Tom.

"Shall I?" said his mother, which indicated no great faith in the assurance; "but thee does not ask after thee old friends—quite forgotten Lowelstree, Joe Anvil, Jesse, the Brindle cow, and Snap."

"*Now you are come,* all that I love most are here," replied her son. "Besides," he added, with a sigh, "I shall soon see Joe and Jessie again."

Mrs. Mayfield's dignity could not withstand this display of affection on the part of her son. The least approach to a frown disappeared from her brow, and she shook her head sadly.

"Ah, lad!" she exclaimed, "thee hast a cunning tongue; it will make some poor girl's heart ache one day, I warrant."

"Don't 'ee put such things in the lad's head, dame," said her husband, good-humoredly; "thee ha' spoilt un enough already."

His wife raised her hands in mute astonishment at the idea of her having spoiled him.

It would be difficult to say against which of his parents the charge might have been brought most justly, that is, supposing young Mayfield had been spoilt—an accusation we emphatically deny, and long before the conclusion of our tale we doubt not but the majority of our readers will conclude with us.

We will pass over the reception of their relative by the Haycocks, the tea, Mrs. Mayfield's butter and home-made bread, and Tom's impatience to obtain the key of the enigma that puzzled him. His curiosity was not gratified till the arrival of Harold, whose astonishment at beholding the dame equalled his friend's.

"Fill my pipe, Tom," said the farmer.

His son most dutifully obeyed him.

"And now, lads," said the old man, "I'll tell thee all about it. Squire has gotten a Scotch factor, who is to introduce a new-fangled way o' farmin—that is to turn everything into gold, they say. I be too old to larn it, so I have sold him the lease of the farm."

"And taken another!"

"No."

"All along o' thee, Tom!" exclaimed his mother, "all along o' thee!"

"It be for the best," observed the old man, mildly. "I see thee can't be happy away from Master Harold, and I *know* that misses and I can't be happy away from thee; so we be goin' to take Cousin Haycock's dairy, and stay in Lunnon."

"Father! mother!" exclaimed their son, grasping a hand of each; "you have made me the happiest fellow in the world. God bless you for your goodness to me!"

Harold joined his thanks to those of his friend, and the aged couple, when they witnessed the delight of the two young men, scarcely regretted the sacrifice.

"Perhaps it be for the best," said Mrs. Mayfield, as she turned upon her pillow. "But I don't think I shall ever change my way of making butter."

"Hang the butter, dame!" replied her husband. "We have made our son happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF LABOR.

There is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that, if they could live in idleness, they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that after two or three days' recreation, the diligent mechanic or laborer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labor, and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be busy. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

GOOD FOR ALL CLIMATES AND WEATHERS.

"If you want to render your husband happy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong; scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it!" (*Supposed to be ironical, but true, nevertheless!*)

Certainly—you can't scold amiss my dear woman! If he hasn't done "this or that," he has probably done something else. Scolding clears the domestic atmosphere—you have to keep up a perpetual cannonading, or there will be a revolt! Husbands get terribly unmanageable, sometimes, unless they are kept up to the mark. Don't lose any time about it, either. Once let a man hoist up the flag of independence, and unless you haul it down for him, in double quick time, you're a lost woman! Once allow him to suppose that *he's* master of the house, and the first you know, it will be, "Minnie, bring me a match for my cigar, that's a dear"—or "Minnie, just look for my cravat, will you?" or even "Minnie, I've brought Jones and Howard home to dinner—couldn't help asking 'em—you needn't make any extra parade, but just get a few oysters, or a lobster, or something!" That's the way you'll be victimized! Once begin waiting on him, and you'll have business for the rest of your life. Put him down, and *keep* him there! How? That's a pretty question to ask—the "hows" are as thick as musquitoes on an August evening. Blame him for everything he does—make up your mind not to be satisfied, under any circumstance whatever. If it rains, blame him because the sun don't shine—if he puts his newspaper in one corner of the mantelpiece, scold him because he didn't put it in the other—if he laughs above his breath, put your hands up to your ears, and ask him "if he supposes you were made without nerves?"—if he frowns, call him an ill-natured brute. If he brings home tickets for the opera, tell him you had set your heart on going to the theatre. If he talks to a lady, turn jealous, go into hysterics—if he joins a knot of gentlemen, tell him "it's very plain that his poor wife's society has no longer any charms for him." If he invites friends to your house, tell him that "you don't keep a hotel"—if he *don't* invite them, tell him he is an unsocial bear, who would like to keep you alone the whole time. If he has a cold in his head, deluge the whole house with soap-and-water, and scrub-brushes—if he suffers from tooth-ache, insist on having every window in the room open, on account of the "fresh air." If he is fond of roast turkey, see that cold pork is on the table instead—if he likes coffee, discover, all of a sudden, that it is not healthy, and substitute milk and water! Don't give him his own way in any one particular—contradict him on all occasions—tread on his toes whenever he is going to say anything, and then fret at him for being "silent and sulky." Never allow him to wear his best coat—put him on a diet of one shirt a week—keep the "change" and deal it out to him by the half dime—groan at his extravagance, whenever he buys a new hat, and hunt in all his pockets for strong cigars, champagne corks, pea-nut shells, or any such silent witnesses to his depravity. Why, if you didn't keep up this constant system of intimidation, he might actually be impudent enough to chuck you under the chin, or pull your curls, or even kiss you, once in a while! He might keep dinner waiting half a minute—he might steal one of your little handkerchiefs out of the bureau-drawer, when he couldn't find his own yellow bordered concerns—he might elevate his feet on the parlor mantel—he might imagine home was a palace, to enjoy himself in—he might be insane enough to suppose that a wife *liked* to wait on her husband!

There's no telling what he might not do, or say, or think, if he were not judiciously snubbed!

Just follow up this system, however, and you'll be pretty sure to take the starch out of him. Don't get discouraged if he is a little stiff and "set in his way" at first; two or three months of the above discipline will make him as limp as an old dish-rag. You may be obliged to fight one or two pitched battles, but that's of no consequence. You have always one great resort—if the day is going against you, turn on the tears! *He* can't go sniveling about the house with red eyes and a swelled nose—you can! Tears will subdue a man when the rest of the feminine artillery won't! Try it just once, and see!

That's the way to break them in, girls! No failure, and warranted to cure the worst cases—no better receipt in the whole conjugal pharmacopœia for transforming a high-spirited young fellow into a meek, umbrella-carrying, bill-paying, cradle-rocking machine, who knows his "place," and never speaks, unless his wife says he may!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

MEN-WOLVES AND WITCHES.

The belief in what were in England called wehr-wolves (men-wolves), and in France loups-garous, was a very ancient superstition throughout Europe. It is asserted by a writer of the time, that, in 1588, a gentleman, looking out of the window of his château, in a village two leagues from Apchon, in the mountains of Auvergne, saw one of his acquaintance going hunting, and begged he would bring him home some game. The hunter, while occupied in the chase, was attacked by a fierce she-wolf, and, after having fired at it without effect, struck it with his hunting-knife, and cut off the paw of its right fore-leg, on which it immediately took to flight. The hunter took up the paw, threw it into his bag with the rest of his game, and soon afterwards returned to his friend's château, and told him of his adventure, at the same time putting his hand into the bag to bring out the wolf's paw in confirmation of his story. What was his surprise at drawing out a lady's hand, with a gold ring on one finger? His friend's astonishment was still greater when he recognized the ring as one which he had given to his own wife; and, descending hastily into the kitchen, he found the lady warming herself by the fire, with her right arm wrapped in her apron. This he at once seized, and found to his horror that the hand was cut off. The lady confessed that it was she who, in the form of a wolf, had attacked the hunter; she was, in due course of time, brought to her trial and condemned, and was immediately after burnt at Ryoms. In 1578, a witch was burnt at Compiègne; she confessed that she had given herself to the devil, who appeared to her as a great black man, on horseback, booted and spurred. Another avowed witch was burnt in the same year, who also stated that the evil one came to her in the shape of a black man. In 1582 and 1583 several witches were burnt. Several local councils at this date passed severe laws against witchcraft; and from that time to the end of the century, the number of miserable persons put to death in France under the accusation was very great. In the course only of fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, and only in one province, that of Lorraine, the President, Remigius, burnt nine hundred witches, and as many more fled out of the country to save their lives; and about the close of the century, one of the French judges tells us that the crime of witchcraft had become so common, that there were not gaols enough to hold the prisoners, or judges to hear their causes.

THE MOURNER AT THE PAGEANT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Lo! a hollow sound is ringing down the aisles and through the arches,
As the pompous death-procession with a measured foot-fall marches—
As the slow and sombre bearers bear the body past the portals—
Bear the corse of one whose spirit has been hailed by the immortals.

Tolls the bell within the turret, jarring dome and lofty ceiling;
In the distance, booming heavily, minute-guns are thunder-pealing;
Loud the ritual words are uttered by the priest the corse preceding;
But these mournful sounds and solemn fall on hearing ears unheeding.

'Tis a statesman that they bury, once most eminent in station;
He was skilled to govern wisely, was the darling of the nation;
Yet we note no tear-drop falling, not a word of anguish spoken,
Not a sob from lips escaping, not of grief the faintest token.

Firm of purpose, wise in council, great in state craft the departed;
But the study of the statesman made the man grow iron-hearted;
He had neither wife nor children, never stooped to soft affection—
Cold ambition tender feeling kept in merciless subjection.

Nay, there is a single mourner, with a sorrow past dissembling—
'Tis a worn and aged woman, with a body weak and trembling.
Bitter grief her spirit crushes, tears are rolling down her wrinkles,
And the salty rain of sorrow both her feeble hands besprinkles.

Who is she in threadbare garments that so piteously bemoans him?
Not his mother—she is buried—who is this that tearful owns him?
Answer, solitary mourner—was the great man there your brother?
Nor your husband? neither wedlock tie nor kindred? then what other?

"'Tis my memory brings these tear-drops—forty years since I beheld him—
Forty years since his ambition to desert my love compelled him.
Forty years! ah, me! what changes forty years have made around me;
Yet they could not break the fetters, that to olden memory bound me.

"I was young, and fair and loving; he, the likeliest and fairest
Of the young men of our village—and those young men were the rarest.
I was poor and he was poorer; so we plighted troth and parted;
Many were his vows and earnest as to seek for gold he started.

"For a year or more he wrote me of his struggles and his hoping—
How in weary desperation with the world his strength was coping—
How the chain that kept him from me was the fearfullest of fetters—
Do you see this well-worn packet? these are all his loving letters.

"Then he wrote to me but rarely, and as fortune smiled more kindly
He grew colder—time was precious, and he followed fortune blindly.
After that he wrote no longer; but I heard how he had risen
To great riches, slowly breaking from his need—the bold mind's prison.

"Much I pined at this desertion for I loved him very dearly;
And I sickened with my grieving, till I found my death-bed nearly.
Time relieved me of my sorrow, made my life less lone and gloomy;
But I never wedded, never; lovers vainly came to woo me.

"As from post to post he mounted, as his praises filled the nation,
I was proud of his successes—ay! as though I shared his station.
And, as at his acts and speeches all the world around me wondered,
I would say—that great man loved me, ere we twain by fate were sundered.

"Now you know my simple story:—in my heart of hearts I've worn him,
Lo! these many years of sorrow—have I not a right to mourn him?
No! I grieve not for the statesman, in his height of fame departed;
But I mourn my early lover, young and fair and tender-hearted."

Rose and fell the anthem voices, and the organ's solemn pealing,
Breaking and reverberating from the lofty fretted ceiling;
Up they raised the gilded coffin, round it curious gazers crowded;
No one knew there were two corses, only one of them enshrouded.

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THE CAMANCHE CAPTIVES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Charles and Lucy Kennedy, respectively aged ten and eleven years, were taken prisoners by the Camanches of Texas, and the following is the account given by the lad of their capture, treatment, and final escape:

"In the spring of 18—, my father saw proper to remove from the well-guarded interior of Texas to a location on the extreme frontier of the State, and he did so against the repeated warnings that the Indians to the northward would be likely to trouble him in some of their forays. He was a bold man and fearless, and declared that himself, overseer, and ten male negroes, would be a match for a hundred savages. Perhaps they would have been, under cover, or within an enclosure of pallisades; but this could not be in the daytime, when their business of watching and guarding large herds of cattle and droves of sheep led them much abroad in different directions. My father did not neglect any means of defence, and as the first year passed away without any disturbance, even my mother, who was very timid at first, gradually grew reconciled to her new situation.

"There were only two children of us—myself and sister Lucy—and as we both inherited the fearless nature of our father, we had not caution enough even to be prudent. I was in my tenth year, and Lucy in her eleventh, and both of us were fond of long rambles through the little strips of woodland and stretches of prairie that surrounded our dwelling; and being wayward as well as daring, we often, against the earnest advice and entreaties of our mother, wandered far away from any protecting hand. That we paid dearly for our temerity and disobedience in the end, the facts I am going to relate will show.

"About a mile from our dwelling, in a romantic little dingle, there was a beautiful grove of trees, and in the centre of this grove a spring of clear, cold water. This place, during the heat of the days in summer, was a favorite resort for my sister and self, and here we had erected a play-house and swing, and often amused ourselves for hours at a time.

"One day, after a long, fatiguing ramble, we were returning home rather late in the afternoon, and, being thirsty, took the spring on our way. Just before descending into the dingle, and while standing upon elevated ground that commanded a clear view over a long stretch of prairie to the northward, Lucy called my attention to what appeared to be a drove of buffaloes, or wild horses, afar in the distance.

"'Look there, Charley,' she said, with a laugh: 'what a pity that we haven't our rifle along! we might have a shot at some better game than usually falls to our lot.'

"It may be proper to explain here, that, young as I was, I had an elegant little silver-mounted rifle, which Lucy and myself had so often practiced with as to have become quite proficients in its use; but this, which we often took with us on our excursions, we had to-day left at home, much to our present regret.

"'Oh, well,' said I, with a curl of my lip, feeling secretly vexed that I would have no chance of trying my skill upon the distant game, 'I suppose they are only horses *with Indians on them*, and of course I wouldn't think of firing at them.'

"I said this thoughtlessly, in a spirit of banter, little dreaming how much of fact my words contained; and, turning away, I was in the act of descending to the spring, when Lucy, who had kept her eyes rivetted upon the distant objects, suddenly exclaimed:

"'I do believe you have spoken the truth, Charley, though in jest: they do appear to be horses, with Indians on them, sure enough.'

"I at once bounded back to her side, and took another look. The distance was too great for us to distinguish clearly with the naked eye; but after concentrating my gaze steadily upon one point for a few moments, I fancied I saw human heads now and then rising above the bodies of the animals, which latter had more the appearance of being horses than buffaloes. I knew the Camanches did not ride erect, neither when going into an engagement or endeavoring to effect a surprise, but with their heads bent forward to the necks of their horses, or their entire bodies thrown over one side out of sight; and so the appearance of now and then a human head, or what at least seemed to be one, instead of the upright figure of a man, led me to the conclusion that they were Indians of that marauding and blood-thirsty tribe.

"The first sensation with both of us was uneasiness rather than fear. If Indians, as we now believed, their object of approach in daylight undoubtedly was to sweep down upon one of our most exposed herds and drive it off to their distant camp, and how to prevent the success of their design was rather our thought now than apprehension for ourselves.

"'We must hurry to the house and give the alarm!' said Lucy.

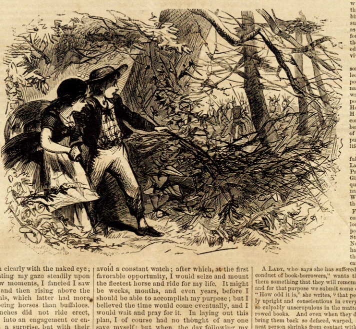
"I thought so too; and we both started in that direction as fast as we could run—the intervening distance being about half woodland and half prairie—the woodland being in different belts, with strips of prairie between. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when, just as we were about to emerge from one of these belts, a party of a dozen Indians rode quietly out from another, a little before us, and walked their horses along to a point from which they could get a view of our dwelling. Here they halted, and seemed to hold a consultation, while we made haste to hide ourselves in some bushes. They were evidently a reconnoitering party, belonging to the main body we had seen in the distance, and were probably now considering the feasibility of making a sudden dash forward and taking the inmates by surprise. They were before us, directly in the path that led to our dwelling, so that we could not get forward to give the alarm; and while we were consulting in whispers as to what we had better do under the circumstances, another small party dashed into the wood directly behind us, and we were discovered on the instant.

"Both Lucy and myself now undertook to escape by flight; but a lamb might as well have undertaken to fly from the jaws of a lion. There was a wild, piercing yell, a thundering rush behind us, and the next moment I found myself swung by the hair of the head through the air and landed upon a gallopping horse in front of a grim savage. Away we sped like lightning, through wood and over prairie, till we met the main body, which Lucy and I had first seen in the distance. The warrior who captured me had thus dashed forward alone, and when I now looked around for the other warriors and Lucy, they were not to be seen. This main body I speak of was composed of more than fifty Camanche horsemen, whose superiors in the art equestrian the world could not produce; and after hovering around and communicating with my captor for a moment or two, they dashed away to the southward, while he, holding me down in front of him, and occasionally dealing me no light blows when I struggled to escape, gallopped away to the westward till he reached a distant belt of woodland, where he proceeded to gag me and bind me to a tree, securing my legs and arms in such a manner that I could not move them in the least. This done, he swung himself upon his horse and was out of sight in a moment.

"In great pain, and the most terrible suspense, I remained gagged and bound to my tree till long after night had set in, without knowing what was taking place at home, and of course fearing the worst. How could our family escape, if taken by surprise by such a large body of savages? Once or twice I fancied I heard the report of fire-arms, and a wild hope sprung up that my father had been able to get the negroes together within the stockades and make a defence that possibly might save the buildings and the lives of himself and my mother; and could I have been assured of this, together with the safety of Lucy, I felt I could have borne my own sufferings with a proper degree of heroism; but there was nothing to confirm this hope, and in consequence I became very wretchedly depressed. To increase, if possible, my gloom and despondency, I saw, as night gathered around, the red gleam of fire upon the heavens in two or three directions, and believed that the dwellings and out-houses of neighboring settlers were already in flames. All these were too distant to be my own home, and I waited in fearful suspense to see the lurid light flash up from that at any moment; but minute ran into minute, and hour into hour, and still all remained dark, if not safe.

"At length there came the clattering sound of horses ridden at speed; and soon after a small party dashed into the wood, released me from my painful cords, mounted me in front of the same Indian who had captured me, and sped away toward the north, riding hard all night and resting at daylight. I was now treated rudely, but not inhumanly, and was made to sit down and eat with the others, the savages clearly showing by all their actions that they intended no worse fate for me than my adoption into their tribe, and thus a life-long captivity. This was bad enough, to be sure; but it was not death, and life to a boy of ten is always bright with hope.

"At once I now resolved upon my course. I would seem to be unconcerned and indifferent—impudent, saucy, and spirited if roughly treated—and gradually grow cheerful and contented, as if pleased with my new life. By this means I hoped to gain the confidence of my captors, and avoid a constant watch; after which, at the first favorable opportunity, I would seize and mount the fleetest horse and ride for my life. It might be weeks, months, and even years, before I should be able to accomplish my purpose; but I believed the time would come eventually, and I would wait and pray for it. In laying out this plan, I of course had no thought of any one save myself; but when, the day following my arrival at the Camanche village, my sister Lucy was brought in a prisoner also, my hopes fell, for it seemed almost impossible that we should both be enabled to escape together, and not for a moment did I contemplate the idea of flying alone, and leaving her to her fate.



"The second day after reaching the village, I was compelled to run the gauntlet between two lines of children, some older and some younger than myself. They expected to have matters all their own way, and give the white stranger-boy a severe beating without suffering anything in return; but I managed to wrench a club from one of the party and knock some half-a-dozen of them down before they could overpower me, the elder Indians looking on and laughing at my display of spirit. After being overpowered, however, I was badly beaten, and might have been killed, but for the interference of one or two warriors, who took me home with them and treated me humanely.

"It was a week before I was able to be abroad again, and then I found I was considerable of a hero in the eyes of all. As soon as I was well enough for the operation, I was put through a violent course of exercises, being compelled to jump, leap, climb and swim for hours together, without a morsel of food, and only being relieved when I at last sunk down from sheer fatigue. After I had thus become somewhat inured to hardships, my hair was cut close, I was stripped, painted, and dressed in skins, and declared to be an adopted son of the villainous tribe.

"I had been more than a month in the moving village of the Camanches, who had changed their location several times since my capture, before I was permitted to get speech with my poor sister, who had been very roughly treated by the squaws and others, and now looked so pale, haggard and woe-begone as to compel me to shed tears of commiseration. Our conversation was brief; but I told her to bear all her trials with fortitude, and hope for an escape at a no distant day. She knew nothing of the fate of our parents, but was certain that a herd of our cattle had been driven off, and that several scalps had been taken by a party of Indians who separated from our captors and went in another direction.

"The summer months passed away, winter came and went, and still poor Lucy and myself remained in the hands of our captors. Had it not been for my presence and the few words of hope that I managed from time to time to convey to Lucy, I believe she would have succumbed and fallen a victim to despair and her foes, as she was treated very harshly and cruelly by the squaws.

"One day, during the latter part of the Spring following our capture, some information was brought to the tribe that threw it into a state of great excitement; and the night ensuing, nearly every one capable of bearing arms mounted his horse and left suddenly. Now or never I felt was my time for action. A few horses remained, and one of these I knew possessed great speed and bottom. In the confusion I managed to secure a halter and hide it, and subsequently I got a chance to tell Lucy of my hopes, and urge her to withdraw at all hazards in the middle of the night to a tree which I designated, and there be ready to mount at a moment's notice.

"In the dead of night I stole from my tent and caught my horse without exciting alarm. I then quietly led him to the tree where my sister was to meet me, fairly trembling with hope and fear. If Lucy was there, I felt that Providence would smile on our effort to escape; but if she failed to appear, then I was to construe it as a sign that we were doomed, for I had no intention of flying alone.

"Judge of my feelings, then, as I neared the place, and saw her coming toward me! We fell into each other's arms and sobbed for joy. The first outburst of emotion over, I sprung upon the horse, drew her up before me, and the next moment we were speeding away like the wind. We heard an alarm in the village, but soon left it far behind. If we were pursued, we never saw our pursuers. We rode swiftly all night, in a southerly direction, and the next morning concealed ourselves in a thicket, where we remained all day, our gallant beast resting and feeding near us. At dark we resumed our course, guided only by the stars, and rode through another night and part of another day, when we fell in with a body of rangers and were saved.

"We subsequently joined our parents, who had escaped with their lives and were now again living in the interior. They looked upon us as children from the grave, and our mother fainted from excess of joy. It was indeed a reunion to be remembered forever."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

ENGLAND.—The six wives of Henry VIII. were Catharine, widow of Arthur, Henry's brother, and daughter of Ferdinand, King of Spain, Anne Boleyn, maid of honor to Catharine, and daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the first Duke of Norfolk; Jane Seymour, maid of honor to Anne; Anne, daughter of the Duke of Cleves, a Flemish nobleman of the city of Dusseldorf on the Rhine; Catharine Howard, grand-daughter of the Victor of Flodden Field; and Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. The first was divorced, the second was beheaded, the third died in giving birth to a son, who succeeded his father as Edward VI., the fourth was divorced, the fifth was beheaded, and the sixth survived him.

HARLEM.—The reason why Louis Napoleon adopted Partant pour la Syrie as the national air of France, was, that it was composed by his mother, Hortense, Queen of Holland. Hortense composed a large number of popular pieces of music, which were published during her lifetime.

FITZGERALD.—The full name and title of Lafayette were, Marie Paul Jean Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. The name of the Duke of Wellington was Arthur Wellesley.

FRIEND.—Neither locomotives nor parts of locomotives are imported into the United States from England. No better locomotives have ever been made than the best of American manufacture.

A LADY, who says she has suffered "from the odious conduct of book-borrowers," wants the LEDGER "to give them something that they will remember on that subject," and for that purpose we submit some of her own remarks. "How odd it is," she writes, "that people who are strictly upright and conscientious in every other respect, are so culpably unscrupulous in the matter of returning borrowed books. And even when they do return them, they bring them back so defaced, warped, and spotted, that a neat person shrinks from contact with their thumb-soiled pages, and scarce cares to return their spoiled volumes to the shelves from which they were so lately abstracted in readable condition. To borrow an article of raiment, or furniture, and treat it in such a manner, would be considered quite disgraceful. I know not by what rule *books* should be considered an exception to an obvious law of property and propriety."

J. K.—The order of the Jesuits was founded by a Spaniard of rank, named Ignatius Loyola. He was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and while confined by his wound, amused himself by reading the lives of the saints. He was so much affected by this perusal that he became a saint himself, fasted, wore sackcloth, lived on roots and herbs, and practiced other austerities. At Paris he induced Francis Xavier, Faber, Laynez, Bobadilla, and Rodriquez to embrace his views; and on the summit of Montmartre these six young men formed themselves into an association for the conversion of the world, and solemnly devoted themselves to that mission. They were constituted by the Pope a new missionary order, and by the most fearless courage in danger, unflinching fortitude in hardship, untiring perseverence, and subtle management, they established an organization which spread like a net-work over the globe.

ÆNEID.—The question whether or not the Æneid of Virgil has any foundation in truth, is one which even those who are familiar with all the minutia of Roman history have been unable fully to decide. Both Greek and Roman writers, prior to the Augustan age, narrate many of the incidents of the destruction of Troy and of the wonderings of Æneas, but it has not been determined who originated the story, or whether any part of it is true. Niebuhr discards the whole of it as a fiction invented by old Latin bards, varied and diversified by different writers, and finally gathered up by Virgil, woven with the conceptions of his imagination, elaborated and embellished, until the old tale appears in a new dress in the Æneid.

X. Y. Z.—Hume was born in 1711, and died in 1776, and was consequently sixty-five years old at the time of his decease. As a historian, he ranks among the first, but is thought by many to have unduly favored the cause of the King, rather than that of the Commons, in the different contests between the English people and their sovereigns. Especially is it thought that, owing to his strong monarchical principles, the events of the revolution of 1642 are not related by him with that strict, unbending impartiality which is so essential in a standard historian.

REGULAR READER is a young man residing with his brother and his wife. They have frequent lady visitors in the evening, whom he is called upon to escort home; he has no objection to the performance of escort duty when the lady is pretty, which, unfortunately, is not always the case. "Now," the ungallant fellow asks, "must I sacrifice myself to the convenience of *homely* women?" Yes, sir; and consider yourself a lucky man thus to be in the society of good women who may cure you of the prevailing sin of young men of the present day, i. e. *intense selfishness*.

YANKEE JACK.—You are distressed because a young lady whom you love believes untrue stories she has heard against you. You confess that some part of your conduct toward her has been objectionable, but that, although you have asked her pardon, she still persists in believing you to be unworthy of confidence. Very well; since you admit that you have at least deserved *part* of the odium that has fallen upon you, we see nothing but for you patiently to accept the consequences of it, until the lady is won over by your good conduct.

H. AND J.—It is for you to decide, each for herself, now that you have both received offers of marriage from young men who are not yet ready to marry, whether or not you should "accept" and wait to see what the future will bring, or reject the offers and accept the addresses of other parties. If you are very young, (as the tone of your letter indicates,) it is best for you to wait, by all means, till your judgments become matured.

LULU.—"I have been laughed at," says Lulu, "for saying politely, when I was introduced to some young ladies, 'that I was very much pleased to meet them;' my friends telling me that only a *gentleman* should express himself in that way. What do you say about it?" Your friends are mistaken; it was quite graceful and proper and polite for you to say what you did, if you really felt it.

MATTIE ANN.—Whether it was proper or not for you, upon leaving a place where you had made the acquaintance of a young man, to agree to a correspondence with him, depends altogether upon circumstances with which you have not acquainted us; therefore we cannot determine the matter for you.

A MOTHER anxiously asks, "Is it unhealthy for my children to have flowers in pots in their sleeping room?" That question having been decided *both* ways by medical men, we cannot tell you; the only way is to try it and see for yourself. It seems to us that a *very* strong odor of *any* kind is out of place in a sleeping room.

NELLY OPAS.—We do not think it would be improper for you to send a young man in the army a Bible, with his name written in it, without telling him who sent it. We see no objection at all to your doing such an amiable and beneficent act.

CHARLEY.—You would do very wrong to elope with a young girl, whose father has forbidden your visits at his house. Try to win him over to a consent by a gentlemanly course of conduct.

G. E. H.—Of course you should *not* give up the girl upon whom you were waiting, because another young man has interfered, but should be all the more persevering in your attentions.

GARCEN.—When a gentleman is passing a lady friend in front of him, it is proper for him to turn to salute her, if his acquaintance is familiar enough to justify him in doing so before she salutes him.

LUILLA.—You should clip the ends of your hair regularly once a month, if you wish to prevent the "forked" appearance of the ends, of which you complain.

G. P. H.—"Mary, Queen of Scots," was the daughter of James V. of Scotland, and was born in 1542. When only sixteen she married the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., but was left a widow in 1560. Five years afterwards she married her cousin, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, a man of low tastes and profligate habits, who from jealousy murdered the queen's secretary Rizzio, but was soon afterwards himself assassinated by the house in which he was sleeping being blown up with gunpowder. Mary's natural brother, the Earl of Murray, at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth, it is thought, induced Darnley to murder Rizzio in the queen's presence, and then concocted the plot for the destruction of Darnley. The Earl of Bothwell was suspected of being the tool of Murray in destroying Darnley, but Mary was rash enough to disbelieve in his guilt and even to marry him. Murray encouraged the match until it was consummated, when he threw off the mask, pretended to be terribly indignant, and took up arms against the queen, who finally surrendered herself to the insurgents, and was confined in the Castle of Lochleven, and treated with great harshness. She managed to escape and raise a considerable force; but was defeated at Langside, and fled into England, where she was confined by Elizabeth for nineteen years. Her friends plotted for her deliverance, and a conspiracy was formed to liberate her and assassinate Elizabeth. Mary was brought to trial on the charge of being implicated in this plot, condemned, and executed on the 8th of February, 1587.

G. W. B.—You are right only in saying that the Protestants acquired that appellation by protesting against the acts of Charles V., of Germany. That monarch, having made peace with his great rival, Francis I., of France, by the Treaty of Cambray, turned his attention to crushing the reformers, whose cause a number of the most powerful Germanic princes had espoused. Summoning a Diet of the empire at Spires on the 15th of March, 1529, a decree was passed that no more innovations should be made upon the established religion, against which decree the Reform Princes protested, and hence the title of Protestants. These princes then formed the League of Smalcalde to support each other. At this juncture an immense army of Turks invaded Austria, and Charles, wishing to unite all the princes to repel the invasion, summoned the Diet at Ratisbon, and a decree was passed that the Protestants should be unmolested in their worship if they would aid in repelling the Turks.

MOSLEM wonders much at the stupidity of the Mahometans in not long ago discovering that the coffin of Mahomet was held in its position in the air by a couple of lodestones, one placed in the floor of the room and the other in the ceiling. He will probably wonder a great deal more when he learns that this story, which has so long imposed upon credulous individuals, is but one of the thousand and one absurd "yarns" invented by the superstitious followers of Mahomet, and has not the slightest foundation in truth. The celebrated traveller Burkhardt obtained admission to the city of Medina (which none but the faithful are allowed to enter) in the disguise of a Musselman, and relates that the coffin of Mahomet is not suspended in the air, but that the prophet was buried immediately under the place where he died, and a large mosque erected over his remains.

ERNESTINE.—This correspondent is a young girl of seventeen, and the daughter of wealthy parents. A young man, whose parents are not only poor but both intemperate, is paying his addresses to her. Her father objects to him, and wishes her to ask him to discontinue his visits. But Ernestine loves him. Her father says she is too young to know what is necessary to her own welfare; but she thinks she does know all about it, and exclaims: "Do advise me, dear LEDGER, and help me to overrule my father." We shall do no such thing. Your father is probably right, and you are doubtless wrong. You can very well afford to wait three or four years for the purpose of seeing which of you is right; and in the meantime you should take no step in the matter without your father's knowledge and consent.

ANGLO.—The Church of England became separate from the Romish Church in 1535, during the reign, and by the acts of Henry VIII. Having divorced himself from his first wife, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, he was excommunicated. Whereupon, with Sir Thomas Cromwell managing the Parliament, and Archbishop Cranmer controlling the clergy, he threw off the spiritual authority of the Pope, and declared himself the head of the Church of England. Monasteries and convents were abolished by him, and their revenues appropriated to the crown; and under his son Edward VI. the separation was made final and complete, by throwing aside the old Latin service, the ceremonies of mass, confession, &c., and introducing the present Book of Common Prayer, compiled by Cranmer

VINCENT.—Cardinal Richelieu was the Bishop of Luçon, afterwards made cardinal, and then in 1622 Prime Minister of Louis XIII. He conquered the Huguenots party by the reduction of La Rochelle, secretly but powerfully controlled the operations of the "Thirty Years War," made the king subservient to his will, suppressed the power of the nobles, ruled despotically in France, and was feared and respected by all Europe. He died in 1642, and his royal subject Louis died during the next year. Louis was succeeded by his son, who became Louis XIV., and Richelieu was succeeded by Cardinal Mazarin, who was as subtle and intriguing as his predecessor, but not endowed with the same genius. He died in 1661.

FINANCE.—It is not possible to state exactly the amount of the public debt of the United States on the day of the acknowledgment of their independence in 1783. The amount of clearly ascertained and recorded debt was thirty-five millions of dollars; but to this sum must be added the depreciated continental money, and the innumerable small sums due to soldiers and to the families of those killed in battle. The United States came out of the war of 1812 owing about one hundred and thirty millions.

NEW YORK.—It is impossible to settle a controversy as to who is the greatest man the world ever saw, unless you first agree upon a definition of the phrase great man. We define it thus: A great man is one who has greatly more than the average of those qualities which are peculiar to human nature, namely, intellect, feeling, conscience, and executive force. In other words: A great man is one who is *much more of a man* than men in general.

CONSTANT READER.—"Can a book copyrighted in the United States be republished in another country unless the right is purchased of the person owning the copyright?" We regret to be obliged to answer that it *can*—as many an American author knows to his cost. It is all our fault, however. France and England are both ready to enter into copyright treaties with the United States. It is we who hold back.

C. D. F.—This correspondent is a young gentleman who, like all other young gentlemen of a certain age, is anxious on the subject of his moustache. "I have been trying to raise a moustache," he innocently remarks, "but cannot get it to grow fast enough." What young man ever could? A watched pot never boils. A watched moustache never grows. Let it alone, and the moustache will come home, and bring its quirls beside it.

HOPE STAR.—The simplest way in which to ascertain the hight of an object which you cannot climb, is to compare the shadow it casts with the shadow of an object which you *can* get the hight of. The problem will take this form: If an object four feet high casts a shadow five feet, what is the hight of an object which casts a shadow one hundred and twenty feet?

X. Y. Z.—To offer your portrait to a young lady, to whom you are not engaged, seems to us an impertinence, as it is plainly assuming in the most conceited manner that she has a very strong regard for you. No young girl, unless she was very ignorant, or greatly wanting in self-respect, would take such an offer otherwise than as an insult.

CURIOUS.—Your topaz, we presume, is of no great value. The topaz is certainly a very beautiful gem, but it is not rare enough to bring a very high price; it is found in all quarters of the globe. It ranks fifth in value among gems. First, the diamond; second, the ruby; third, the emerald; fourth, the sapphire; fifth, the topaz.

DUBIOUS.—We see no impropriety in a gentleman leaving his lady friends whom he has joined in the street, before they reach the termination of their walk, if he wishes to do so. Had he started out with them, as an escort, it would be different.

S. S. W.—It cost, in the revolutionary war, to feed a soldier, three dollars and one-third per month. This we learn from a statement made by Robert Morris, Minister of Finance.

H. W. E.—Putty is composed of whiting and linseed oil mixed and worked together. Whiting is made of common chalk pulverized and purified.

G. B. M.—The salary of phonographic reporters in New York ranges from eight dollars a week to twenty-five. Fifteen is a very common salary for a good hand.

AMOS.—Nashville was named after Gen. Nash of North Carolina, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown.

W. G.—Tell your wife that the way to enamel shirt-bosoms and collars, is to mix spermaceti with the starch used.

H. J. K.—The massacre of St. Bartholomew took place at midnight of the 23d of August, 1572.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*